

LIFE



BOY OF RUMANIA

JANUARY 9, 1939

10 CENTS



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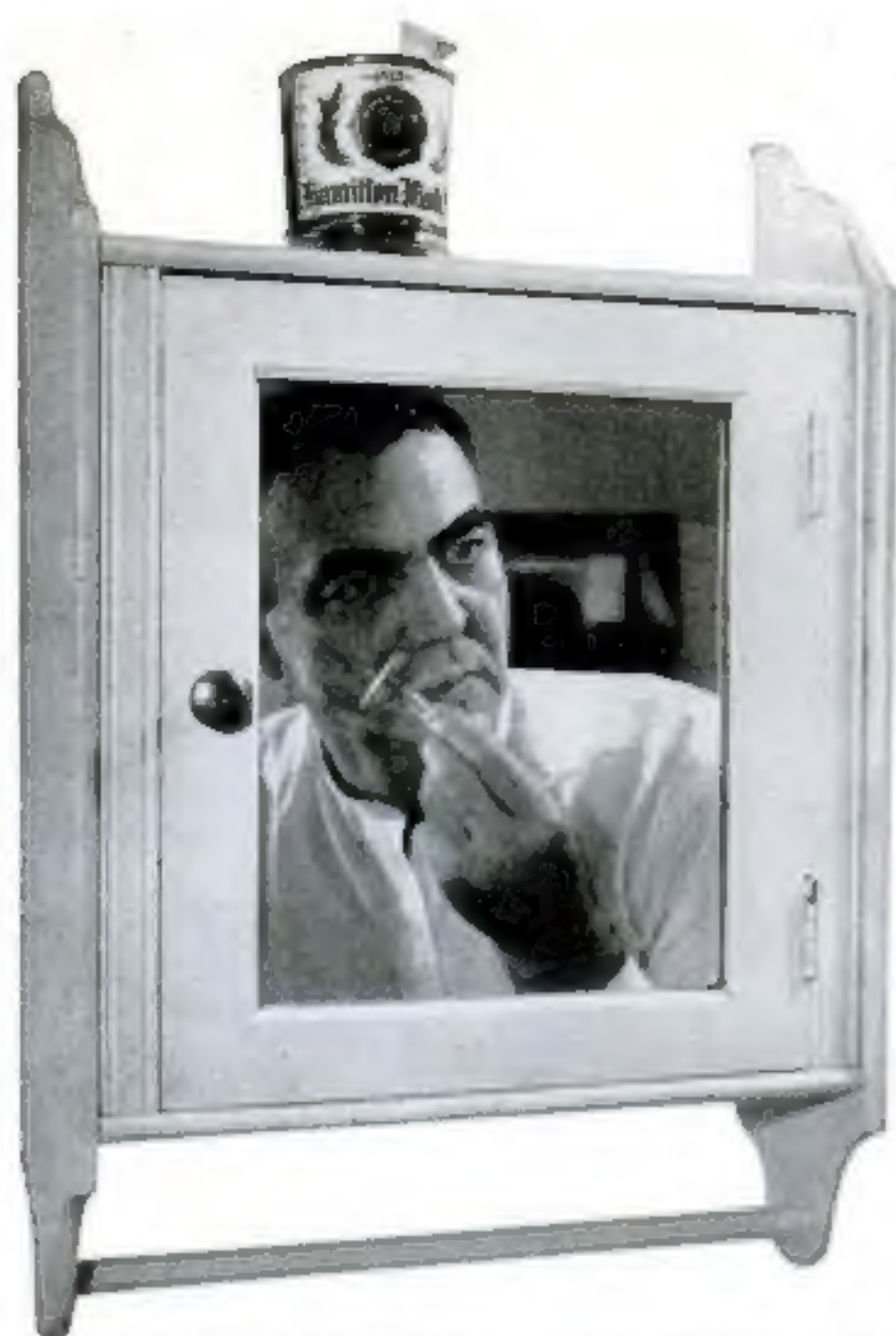


Car illustrated... 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch Wheelbase... \$840 delivered at Factory... Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included... White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are optional at Extra Cost.



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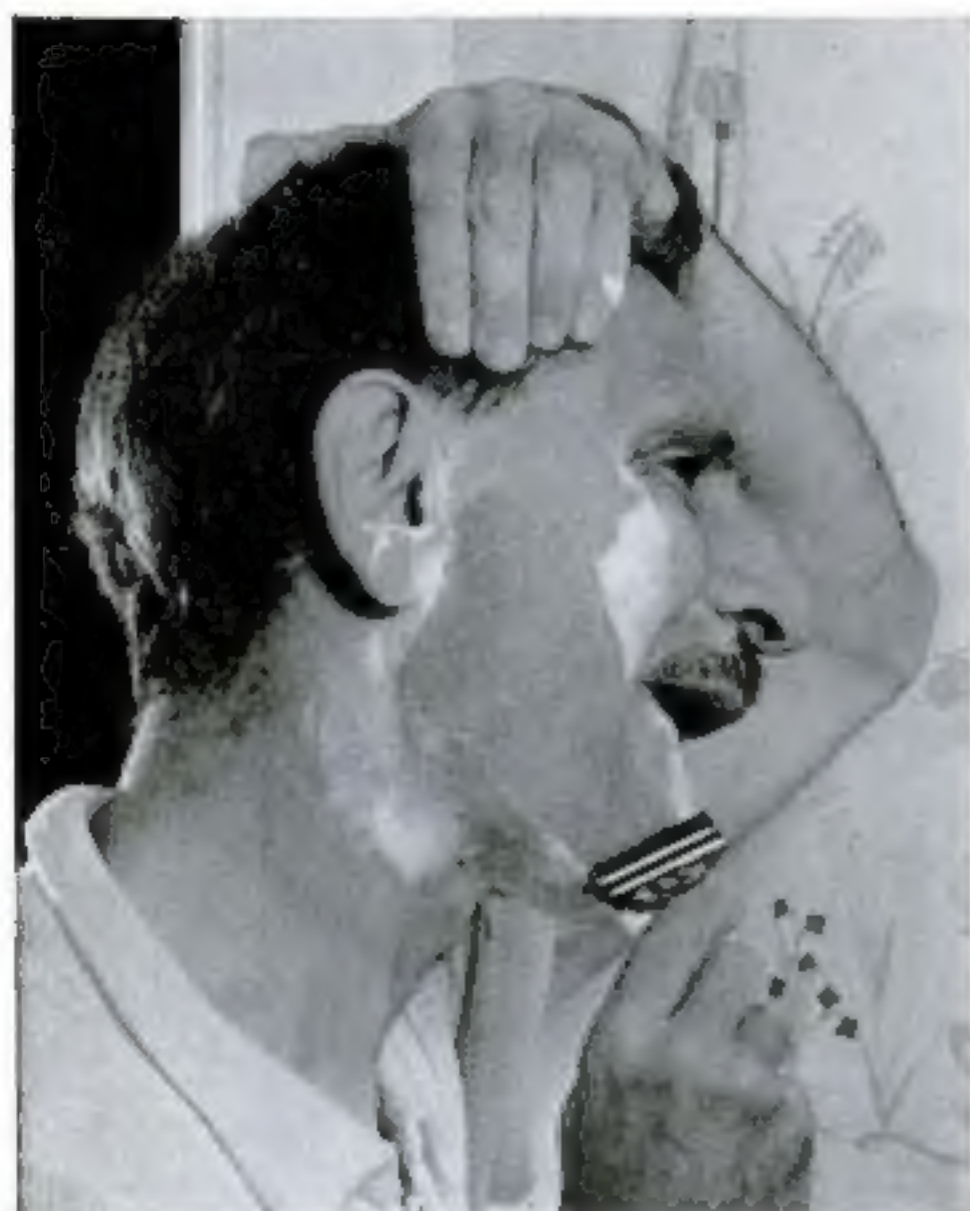
SPEAKING OF PICTURES

This is how celebrities see themselves in their shaving mirrors

Whiskers are mankind's oldest, most universal and least important problem. Most men try ineffectually to solve the problem by shaving. Shaving, however, is also a problem. No two men shave the same way. They use different kinds of razors, soaps, techniques, tempos and expressions. Whiskers are immune to age, wealth and fame. The photographs assembled here prove that celebrities find shaving just as much of a problem as other men.

Statistics on shavers are extremely scarce. A shaving-cream company claims that only one U. S. male out of seven shaves every day. A razor company

tries to plant a sense of guilt about "five o'clock shadow." Shaving is a 5,000-year-old, \$150,000,000 industry. Some men when they find a satisfactory way of shaving keep it. Others change frequently, hoping to find a better way. The average shave takes 50 to 75 razor strokes. An expert barber can shave a face in 20. Most of the shavers on these pages prefer brush & lather to brushless emollients, safety razors to new-fashioned electrics or old-fashioned straights. This proves nothing about other men's shaving habits. Shaving requires serious concentration but is less dangerous than it looks.



COLUMNIST FRANKLIN ADAMS ("F.P.A.") SCOWLS



ACTOR RAYMOND MASSEY USES SMALL GILLETTE



PRODUCER ORSON WELLES HAS STRAIGHT RAZOR



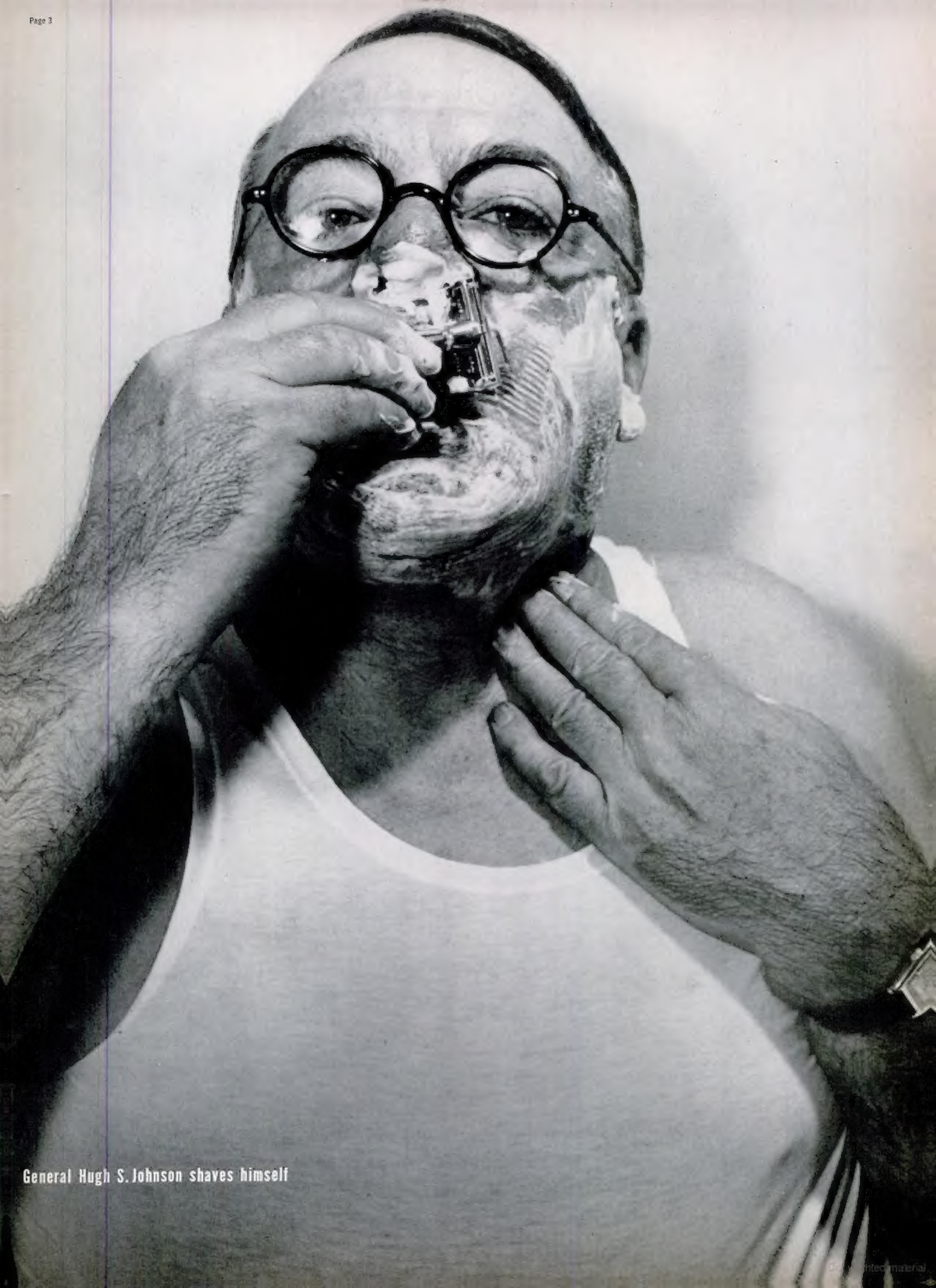
CUBA'S COLONEL BATISTA HOLDS EAR WITH FINGER



SENATOR REYNOLDS SHAVES AGAINST THE GRAIN



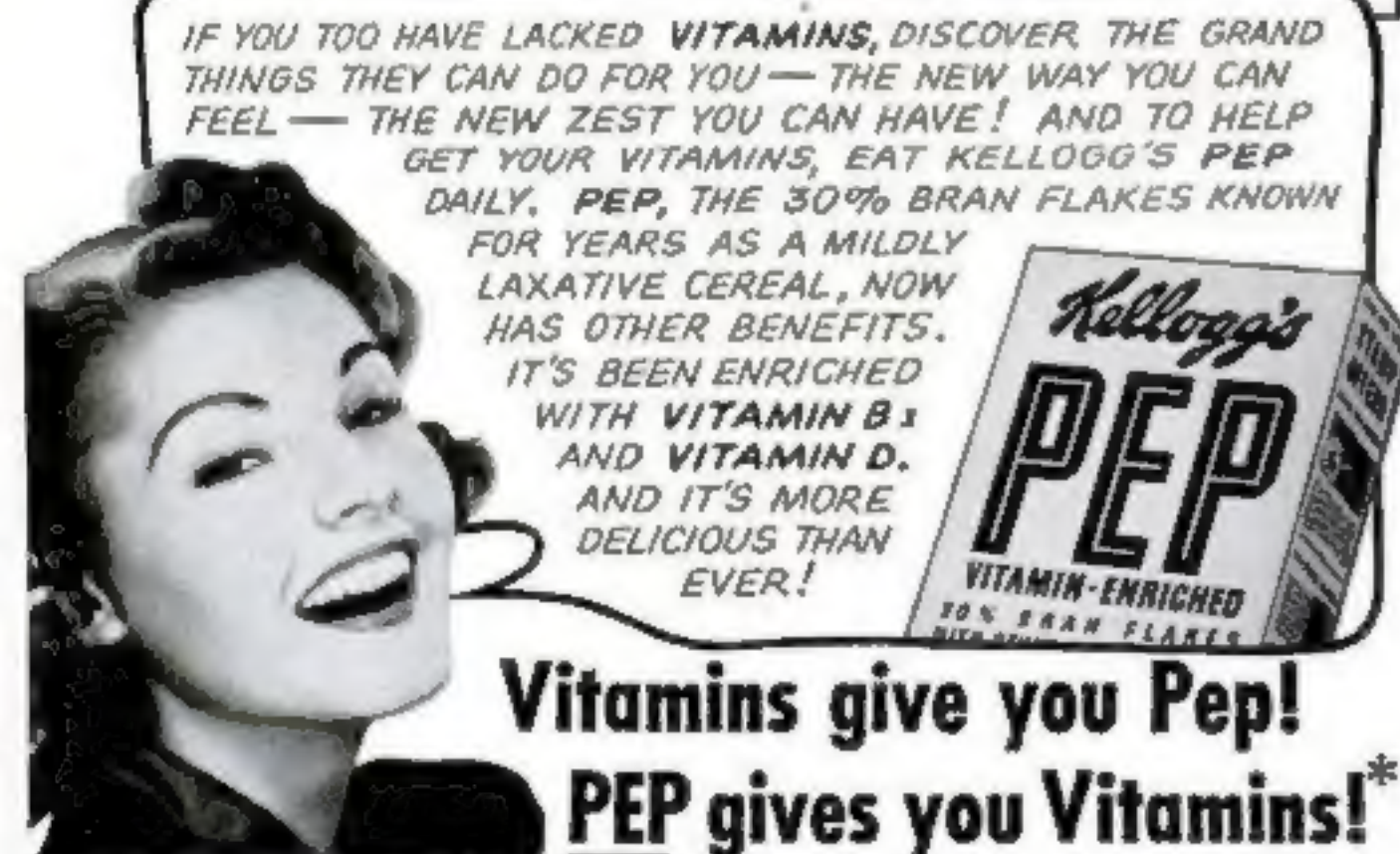
DONALD BUDGE, TENNIS PRO, USES ELECTRIC



General Hugh S. Johnson shaves himself

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

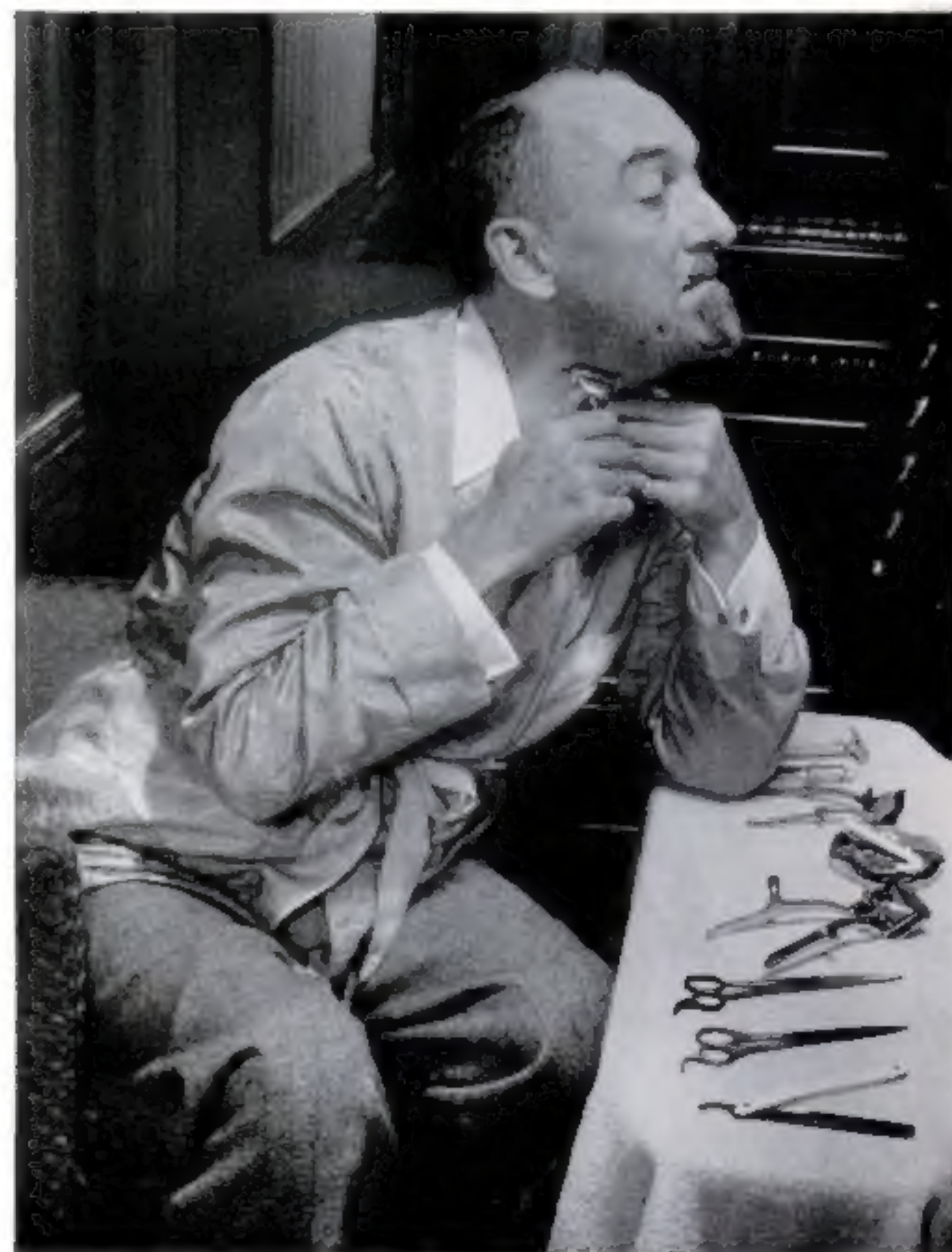
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*One serving of PEP gives 1/5 of an adult's and 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of vitamin B₁, and as much vitamin D as a teaspoon of cod-liver oil. For vitamin C, drink fruit juice; for G and A, eat green vegetables. PEP is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



As a solution to the whisker problem, beards are harder, not easier, than shaving. Burton Holmes, world traveler, trims his while wearing a Japanese kimono.



Willard Huntington Wright ("S. S. Van Dine") is devoted to his famed Vandyke beard. He spends half an hour trimming it with a collection of ten tools every day.

LIFE'S PICTURES



LIFE's ace European cameraman, John Phillips, is shown above in the front cockpit of the Klemm plane which he used for quick hops around Rumania, where the distances are great and the roads poor. His pilot is Constantin Miruneson, a propaganda department official, who flew with Phillips from Bucharest to the Black Sea. Phillips traveled more than 5,000 miles around Rumania to get the photographic essay shown on pages 40-49, took pictures of all of Rumania's many minorities.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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LIFE

Vol. 6, No. 2

January 9, 1939

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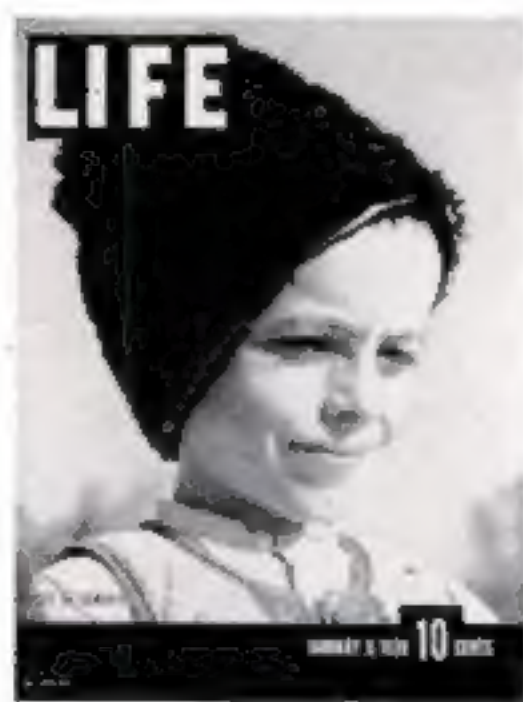
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LIFE'S COVER: The little Rumanian boy with the sun in his eyes is a true Rumanian of Old Rumania, as distinct from all Greater Rumania's minorities. LIFE's Photographer John Phillips found him on the dusty road to Curtea-de-Arges where the late Queen Marie is buried, in the foothills of Rumania's highest mountains of Fagăraș in the Transylvanian Alps. The boy lives near Horezu and is wearing characteristic Rumanian caciula (sheepskin hat). Horezu is famed for its 17th Century convent. For more pictures of Rumania, see pages 40-49.

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Varga
PUBLISHER: Roy E. Larsen
CIRCULATION OFFICE: 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois
U. S. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller
Center, New York. London Editorial Office: Dean House, 4 Dean Street, London, W. I.
Paris Editorial Office: 52 Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris (8E).
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year in the U.S.A., U. S. Territories & Possessions and
Canada, \$4.50; countries of the Pan-American Union, \$6.00; elsewhere \$10.00. Single copies
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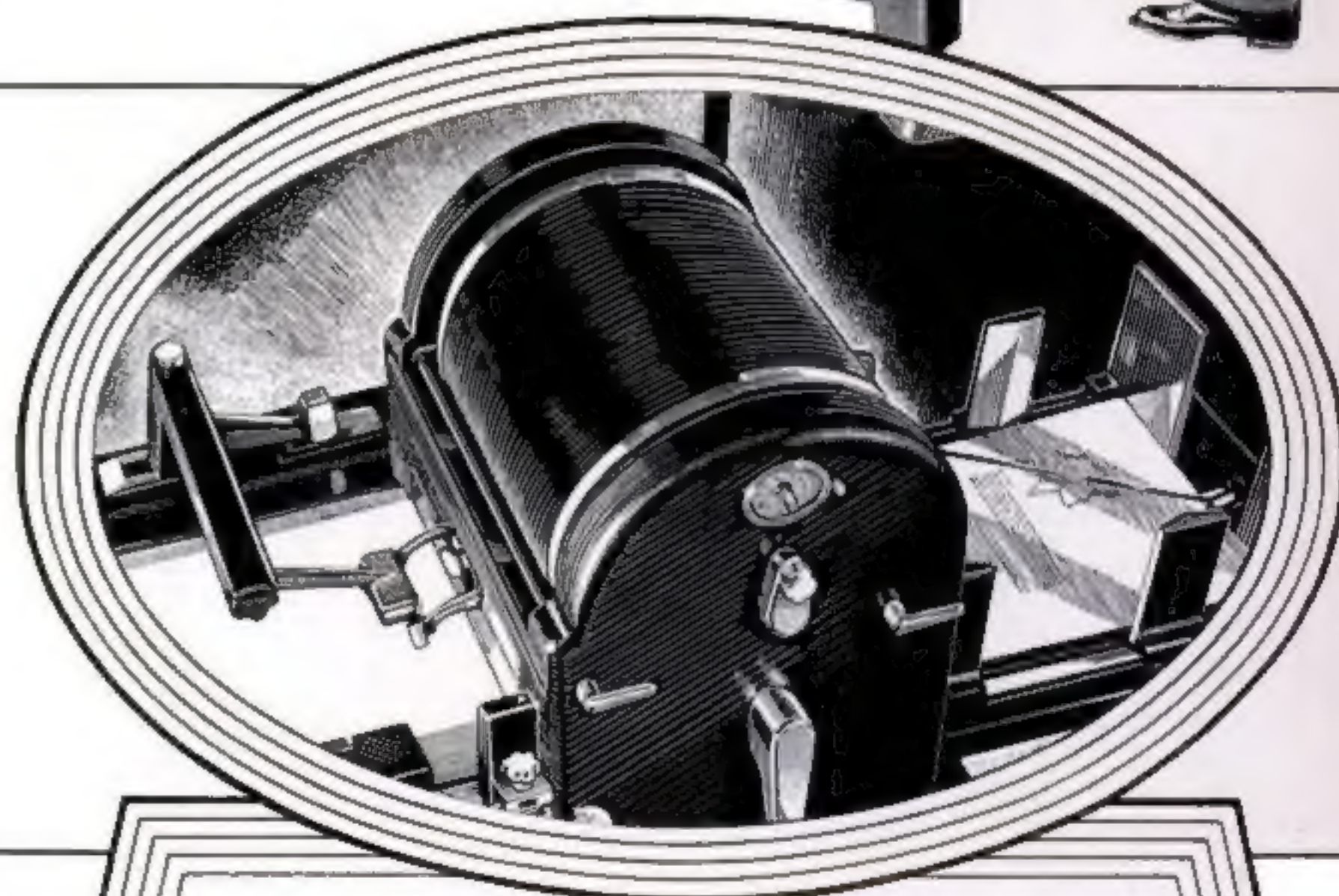


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BETWEEN HER MOTHER AND HER FATHER, WHO IS A NATIONAL DISTILLERS CORP. VICE PRESIDENT, EILEEN BALFE GREET A GUEST AT HER DEBUT IN NEW YORK, DEC. 21

It might even have been an accident that the *New York Daily News* ran side by side on Dec. 28 a report of Brenda Frazier's coming-out party, headlined **BRENDA'S BOW \$50,000 WOW**, and a story headlined **HUNGRY MOTHER ATTEMPTS SUICIDE**. Except on Union Square, nobody gets very hot under the collar about the "idle rich" anymore. What there is left of New York Society consists mostly of women and schoolboys, and it is not the Glamor Girls but their hard-working Big Business papas who take the reform rap nowadays. The *News* itself came out Dec. 30 with an editorial stoutly commending No. 1 Glamor Girl Brenda for putting some of her \$4,000,000 into circulation.

Today's ad-endorsing, charity-performing debutantes inspire, if anything, sympathy rather than indignation. *FORTUNE*, compiling statistics of the U. S. debuts last month, estimated that at the season's height—this year from Dec. 16 to Jan. 7—the average New York debutante spends the equivalent of 17 eight-hour days on or around a dance floor, dances 70 miles, rarely gets to bed before 6 a. m., ends up so exhausted that she has to have a two-week rest cure.

Some 1,000 rich little 16-year-olds are making their bows in the 1938-39 season—300-odd in New York, 161 in Philadelphia, 130 in Boston, 90 in Detroit, 66 in Baltimore, 55 in Chicago, 20 in New Orleans, a scattering elsewhere. While a Brenda Frazier's party may run from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and a Barbara Hutton's to \$75,000, the average is only about \$3,000. Counting in clothes, beauty treatments and extra household expenses, the average deb's season costs her parents around \$8,000. For all 1,000 of this season's debutantes, that makes a grand total of \$8,000,000 (about what the WPA spends in one day) going to the enrichment of hotels, florists, caterers, orchestras, dressmakers, etc., etc. All this used to be, and ostensibly still is, for the double purpose of: 1) introducing the girl at maturity to her parents' social circle (minor); 2) bringing her maturity to the attention of a group of marriageable young men (major). But few marriageable young men today have the leisure for all-night coming-out parties. So what the debutante now comes into is sore feet, brief notoriety and the acquaintance of a bunch of prep-school and college boys who will probably forget her when next season's crop of deb's comes along.

RICH GIRLS: 1,000 MAKE DEBUTS THIS YEAR AT \$8,000,000 COST



GUEST CUTS IN ON EILEEN. DEB IS QUEEN FOR A NIGHT AT HER PARTY

SOCIETY MEETS BRENDA FRAZIER

Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, whose pretty face and \$4,000,000 have made her known to millions as the season's best-publicized Glamor Girl (LIFE, Nov. 14), was introduced to Society in New York on Dec. 27. The party got under way at 11:24 p. m. when Miss Frazier, who had a bad cold and wore white satin with cascade of ostrich feathers, took her place in the receiving line with her mother, Mrs. Frederic Watriss. At 1 a. m., Mr. Charles E. F. McCann went home because he felt that the other 1,249 guests were overcrowding the Ritz-Carlton's main ballroom suite, Oval Room, Palm Room and adjoining foyer. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Sr. wore figured lamé and carried her famous old fox scarf. Supper of black bean soup, breast of chicken with Madeira sauce, purée of peas, ice cream molds, cakes and coffee was served from 2 to 4 a. m., followed immediately by breakfast of scrambled eggs and sausages. Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke wore gray satin with silver sequins. Miss Frazier drank only a mixture of Coca-Cola and milk, but other guests consumed some 1,000 quarts of champagne plus assorted harder and softer drinks. Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys wore a velvet collar on his tailcoat. Miss Frazier left the party at 6:30 a. m. Half an hour later Miss Edythe Friedman, 18, of 21st Ave., Brooklyn, who had crashed the party in plaid taffeta, went happily home on the subway to write a piece about her adventure for the papers in which she reported: "I listened carefully to the conversation around me, and found it to consist of the average run of chatter at a party."

News photographers were barred from party, but candid cameras slipped in. Above and below: Brenda holds hands with Curtis Arnoux Peters, who earns a living as Cartoonist Peter Arno.



Brenda had a cold and kept warm as the evening progressed by wrapping a tablecloth around her shoulders. After resting up for a few days, she planned to depart for a vacation in Nassau.



GLAMOR GIRL-OF-THE-YEAR: BRENDA DIANA DUFF FRAZIER



While Brenda Frazier was coming out in New York, in Washington the same night Mrs. Roosevelt's niece & namesake, Eleanor Roosevelt, 18, was having the first White House debut since Helen Taft's in 1910. Cameramen, barred from the party, photographed Niece Eleanor beforehand beside this White House portrait of Grant. She planned to wear a dress

sent by her friend, King George of Greece. When it failed to arrive in time, she picked the white organ-dy above. Uncle Franklin beamed from the sidelines as 400 young socialites mixed the Virginia Reel with modern steps from 10.30 p.m. to 3 a.m. Said Eleanor II, who made her Boston debut Nov. 24: "Coming-out parties are a racket, though a pleasant one."

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT 2ND HAS A WHITE HOUSE DEBUT

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

(continued)



Peter Arno, an "uncle," tells "Minnie," the debutante, a funny story at her debut. All of New York's real debbs were invited, but only one ventured forth.



She received with "Uncles" Rudolph Montgelas (right), Jaro Fabry (center), Vernon Duke (left). "Uncle" George Balanchine kisses her hand as he greets her.

14 NEW YORK BACHELORS MAKE A BARGE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER A GLAMOROUS DEB

To lampoon debutantism and the Brenda Frazier type of debut, 14 of New York's gayest Prince Charmings gave a dignified coming-out party for an unknown Cinderella on Dec. 22. The girl they chose was Wilhemina Van Den Baard, a model who lives near the Jamaica, L.I., racetrack with her father, a barge captain. Known as "Minnie," she was born in Hoboken, and taught to swim by her father who tied a rope around her and chucked her into the river hoping for the best. Her "finishing school" was a public school, her favorite fun is going to Coney Island.

Her unconventional debut was held at Chez Firehouse, a night club. There she was introduced to celebrities by the 14 bachelors who called themselves her "uncles." As a deb for one night her theme song was *Just For Tonight*. Her only complaint (like Brenda Frazier's): "My feet hurt." Her attitude: "I think most debutantes are dopes."

DAMON RUNYON SAYS THESE MIAMI GIRLS HAVE THE GLAMOR NEW YORK DEBS LACK

Debutantes are easy targets for the barbs of newspaper columnists. Recently Damon Runyon gave New York's Glamor Girls the once over, pronounced them pretty, but carelessly dressed and probably dumb. He said he "could step out into Flagler Street, down in Miami, Fla., any afternoon, and pick out of the first girls that came along ten who would be much prettier."

Last week, at LIFE's request, Runyon undertook to make good his boast. After lunch one day he started ambling down Flagler Street with LIFE's photographer. He soon picked his quota of glamorous girls. They were pretty and intelligent. All were permanent residents of Miami, Miami Beach or Coral Gables. But although Runyon's faith in Miami pulchritude did not fail him, his faith in Flagler Street as the promenade of beautiful girls did. To find all ten girls, shown here, he also had to cast his eye along Lincoln Road, Miami Beach.



Bunny Beckenridge, a Wellesley freshman spending Christmas vacation with her family at Coral Gables, soon caught Runyon's fancy. He takes her name and age, which is 18.



Two elevator girls, Myrtle Touchton, 19, (left) and Babs Acree, 20 (right), were promptly spotted by Runyon as they were returning to Burdine's department store after lunch.



Jeanne Elise Rodgers, 17, studies at Miami Beach High School. She was walking to her classes when Runyon saw her. She has dark hair and an exquisite schoolgirl complexion.



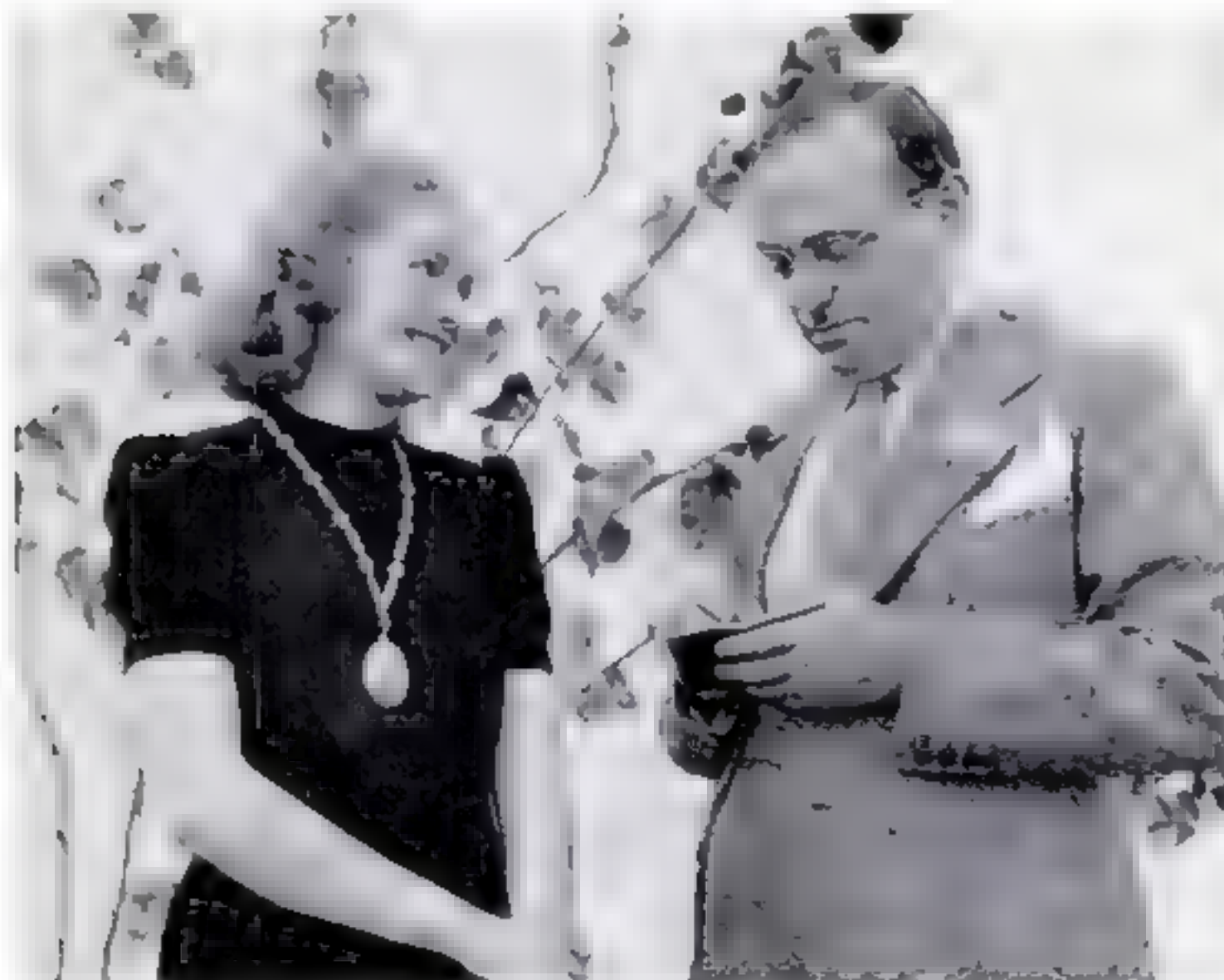
Elizabeth Gardner, 21, beautiful daughter of a Miami City Commissioner, was Runyon's next choice. She recently graduated from Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill., finishing school.



Louise de Jarnette, aged 16, was the youngest beauty he selected. She goes to high school in Miami. Her charming smile and bright-colored sun hat caught Runyon's attention.



Alicia Rasco is a 17-year-old Miami girl who attended Trinity College in Washington, D. C. Runyon spotted Miss Rasco as she was gaily walking along, wearing a colorful dumd.



Donna Lynn is an 18-year-old sophomore at the University of Georgia. Blonde Miss Lynn gives the columnist her best smile as he writes down her address which is Coral Gables.



Mary Joyce Walsh, 18, a University of Miami student and home-town choice for "Miss Miami" of 1938 (left), and Doris Rosser, 20, choir singer, complete slate of Runyon girls.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Wise men fear for 1939 as Mussolini frowns on silk hats and Hitler tries blackmail

To see how wise men were feeling about the world and its future as 1939 began, and incidentally to see how well the camera can record thought as well as action, turn to page 16.

After Lima. As Secretary Hull and his delegation sailed home from Lima, scheduled to arrive in New York on Jan. 9, most Americans were hard put to it to know what to make of the high-sounding declarations adopted at the Eighth Pan-American Conference. The delegates of the 21 sovereign nations of the Western Hemisphere reaffirmed in loftiest terms their nations' intention to stick together against foreign aggression. But this "Declaration of Lima" was, due chiefly to Argentine hawking, no more binding and far less specific than anybody's New Year's resolution. Secretary Hull's eight-point program for international law & order, featuring his freer trade policy, was unanimously endorsed. But day later Uruguay concluded with Italy a commercial agreement which

is the direct antithesis of the Hull trade policy. Senator Borah, longtime Senate Foreign Relations chairman whose Republican voice may now once again carry some of its old weight in influencing U. S. foreign policy, summed up general opinion when he called the Lima results "a step in the right direction" and declared: "We perhaps



BORAH

expected more from the Lima conference than we had any right to expect, and therefore we should be content with what we got." That the U. S. is not faltering in its own determination to resist foreign aggression anywhere in the Western Hemisphere appeared when, as Secretary Hull sailed north in the Pacific, the U. S. Fleet under its Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Claude C. Bloch, moved south. Bound for its first east coast maneuvers since 1934, the Fleet will string itself from Norfolk to Brazil, spend two months practicing to repel an invasion from Europe or Africa.

Planes for what? On the heels of a report that he will ask in his rearmament message for 13,000 fighting airplanes, President Roosevelt announced, Dec. 27, a plan for training reserve pilots to run them. His program, to be directed by the National Youth Administration, would put aviation training courses in several hundred U. S. colleges and universities to turn out 20,000 pilots yearly at an estimated cost of \$9,800,000. An experimental start will be made at once in a dozen or so colleges. Louder and louder,

meantime, swelled the question: does America really need an enormously expanded air fleet for its own defense? What many citizens believe is the major motive behind the aviation program was put into print, Dec. 29, by Washington's most authoritative foreign policy dopest, Columnist Drew Pearson, who is famous for his State Department pipelines. In his column, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, which he writes



PEARSON

in collaboration with Robert S. Allen, Pearson declared that the New Dealers are convinced that America cannot stay out of a major European war, and hence are bending their efforts to prevent it. Continued *Merry-Go-Round*: "Roosevelt advisers figure that mere knowledge that the U. S. will fight will not deter Hitler. Only the knowledge that the U. S. is armed to the teeth with airplanes will dull his militarism. They figure that if this country has as many airplanes as Germany, and is ready to place them at the disposal of Britain and France . . . then *Der Führer* is not going to be so eager for another crisis."



HITLER

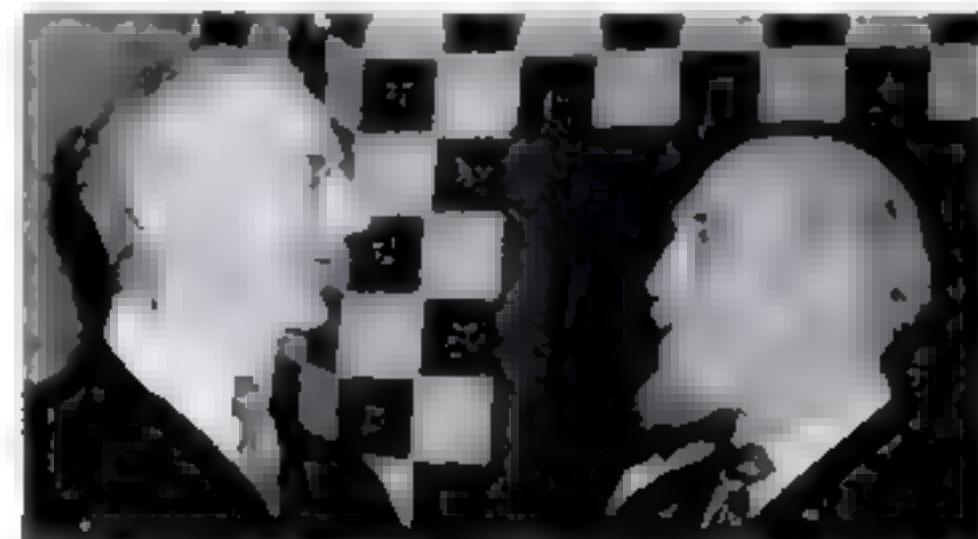
defaming the Head of a friendly State."

Defamation. In the tiny principality of Luxembourg, wedged between Germany and France, a caricature of Adolf Hitler drawn by Cartoonist Cabrol appeared in the newspaper of Hubert Clement, deputy-mayor of the town of Esch. On Hitler's complaint, Clement was brought to trial for "knowingly defaming the Head of a friendly State."

Anti-Bourgeois. The purpose of Fascism is to merge all the people into one indistinguishable mass. To remove the remaining lumps in the Italian mass, Mussolini last week pushed his drive against the bourgeoisie or middle classes. Fascists were invited to send in anti-bourgeois cartoons (*Mudra anti-borghese*) along lines suggested in the wall newspaper sent out weekly to every Italian village and hamlet (LIFE, Nov. 15, 1937). The sample cartoons are shown here. Other offensive bourgeois practices are social games, five o'clock tea, vacations, compassion

for Jews, preference for armchairs, desire for compromise, desire for money. Certain it is that the Fascist State is better off if none of its citizens indulge in any of these "vices."

Blackmail. Two of the world's most redoubtable financiers are Germany's Reichsbank President Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht and Governor of

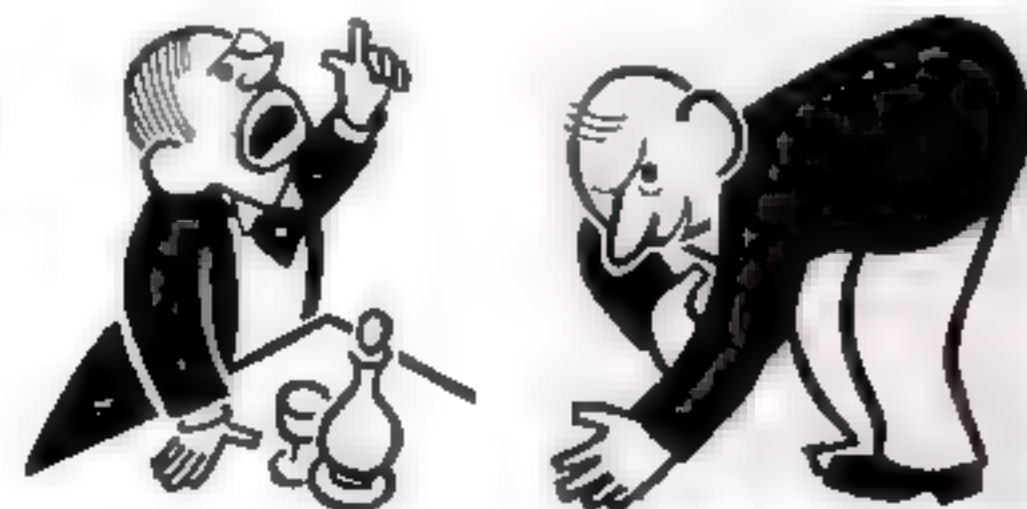
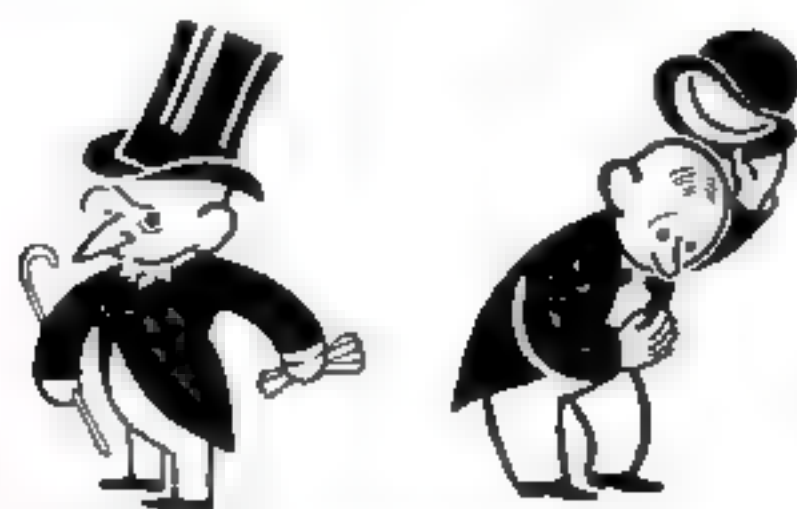


SCHACHT & NORMAN

the Bank of England Montagu Norman. Last fortnight the first went to London as the guest of the second to sell a German plan for evacuating Germany's persecuted Jews. Though London financiers were glad to see old friend Schacht, his plan turned out to be just another form of Nazi blackmail. It proposed a foreign loan secured by Jewish properties held inside Germany plus credits for German exports. Thus Germany's exports would rise as fast as its Jews dwindled. The principle was the same as that of a kidnaper who releases the body for a consideration. It did not much impress the American director of the Intergovernmental Committee on Political Refugees, George Rublee, who had waited for months for any German overture.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

As chairman of the House Banking & Currency Committee in the 63rd Congress, Carter Glass fought through to passage in 1913 the bill which created the Federal Reserve System. He has guarded and nourished it with fatherly zeal ever since. Latterly his devotion to conservative finance has made him the Senate's bitterest critic of New Deal spending policies. But on the System's 25th Anniversary—twelve days before Senator Glass's 81st birthday—the Reserve Board unveiled in its shiny new building a bronze plaque to CARTER GLASS, DEFENDER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. Sitting with his daughter, Mrs. L. W. Digges, as speakers paid tribute to his "lofty patriotism, great learning and superb courage," the hardbitten old Virginian was photographed as his eyes grew wet with happy tears.



ITALIAN WALL NEWSPAPERS SHOWING VICES OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES: TOP HAT, TIPPING THE HAT, THE HANDSHAKE, BANQUET ORATORY, TOADYING



Defender of the Federal Reserve & daughter: a tribute brought his tears

TRIANGLE TROUBLE IS RUMORED TO HAVE SMEARED GERMANY'S GOEBBELS



The amazing story last week splashed across the newspapers of the world's democracies was that Germany's Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels, No. 8 Nazi, had been beaten to within an inch of his life by friends of German Actor Gustav Froehlich (above, right). Reason: Goebbels' attentions to Froehlich's wife, Actress Lida Baarova (above, left). Behind this alleged love-brawl yarn undoubtedly lay the deadly rivalry between Goebbels and Field Marshal Göring, No. 2 Nazi, for the favor of Adolf Hitler. The Goebbels family brood (below) stood ace high in "Uncle Adolf's" affection until the Görings' first child was born (LIFE, Nov. 28).



SCIENTISTS EXAMINE BOUNCING BED FOR BOOGER, FIND WIGGLING CHILD



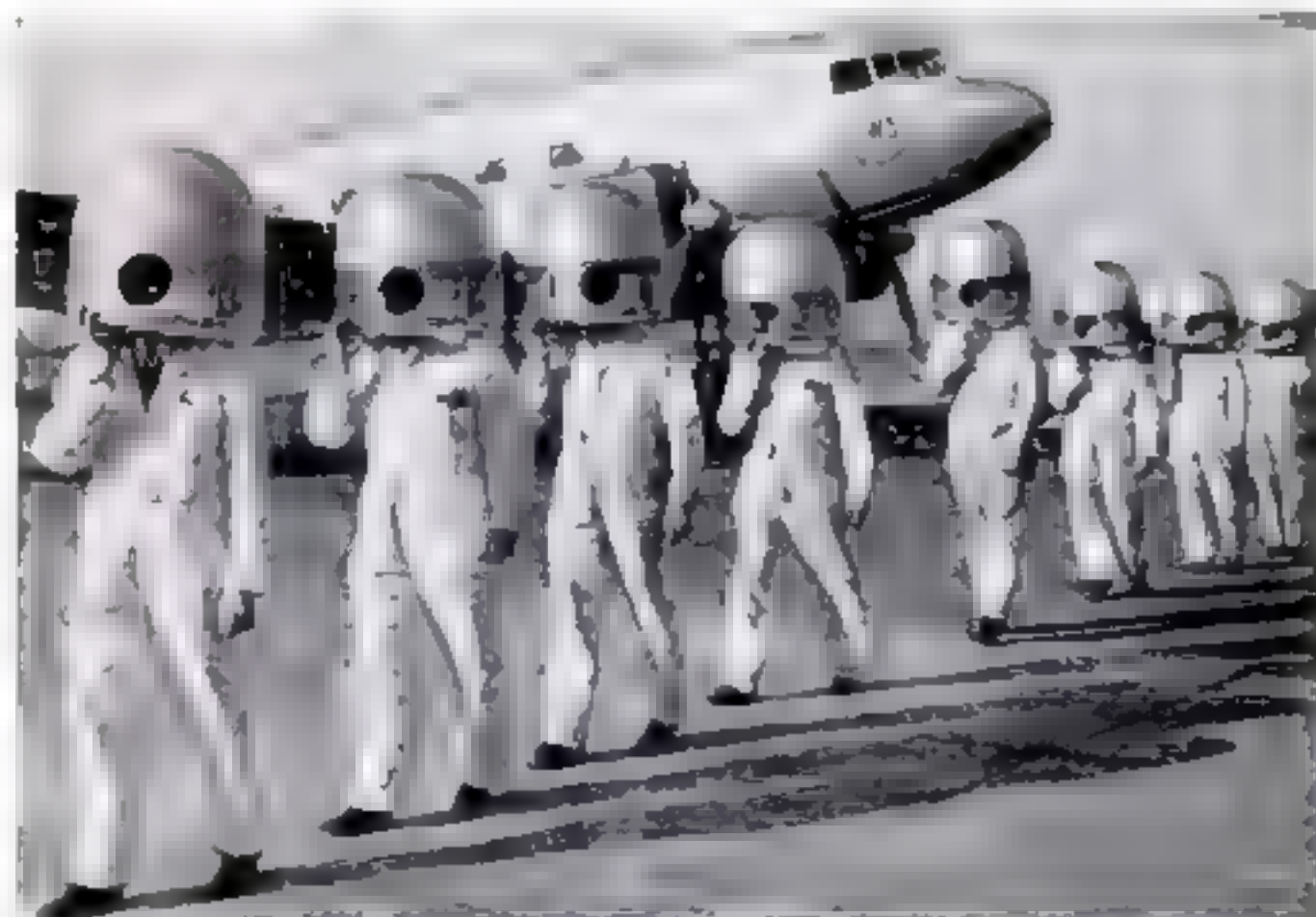
Into a mountaineer's hut near Jonesville, Va., on Dec. 22, marched two University of Tennessee psychologists. They had come to investigate strange tales of a bewitched child, a bouncing bed and other devilment engendered by a local "booger." The medium, 9-year-old Bertha Sybert (above), agreeably popped into bed on their arrival. While kinfolk watched with pride (below), Bouncing Bertha began to bounce, accenting the rhythm by popping her chewing gum. The scientists looked closely, touched her. Their diagnosis: the bed was bounced not by "boogers" but by "noticeable contractions" of Bertha's stomach and posterior thigh muscles.



MEN FROM MARS APPEAR TO PROTECT FOOTBALLERS AND PLANES FROM HARM



In Chicago, Dec. 30, the National Football Coaches Association closed its annual convention. As usual they discussed "over-emphasis" of football, decided "we don't have to defend our grand old sport." Major problem of every coach is to protect his players from practice injuries. As a solution one delegate exhibited an upholstered outfit comprising helmet, face guard, belly protector, leg pads. Footballers thus clad would move safely but slowly, resemble Men from Mars (*above*). Other Martians of the week appeared at Newark Airport, where mechanics went to work outfitting TWA planes with metal spinners to protect propeller hubs from cold (*below*).



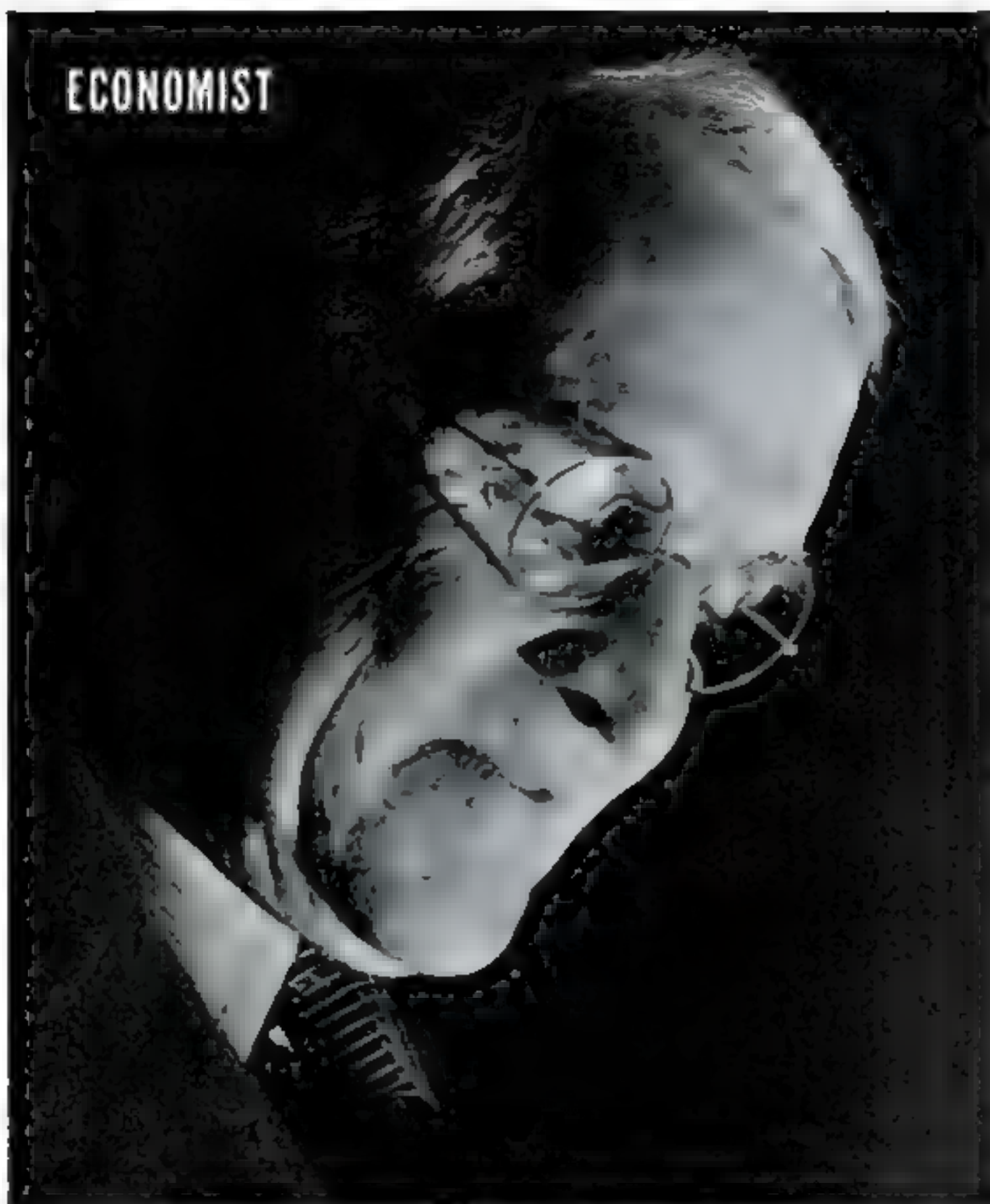
NEW YORK WOMAN ELECTED TRUSTEE OF BIGGEST UTILITY FIRM IN U. S.



On Dec. 27, Chairman Floyd L. Carlisle of New York's huge Consolidated Edison Co., largest utility firm in the land, announced the election of two new trustees. Of them one was a woman, Mrs. Kenneth B. Norton of Bronxville, N. Y. (*above*), well known in the civic and women's club affairs of wealthy Westchester County. Her election, said Mr. Carlisle (*below*), marked the first time a woman had ever joined the board of any major U. S. utility and recognized "the growing importance of the woman's viewpoint in the public-utility business." (Of total utility stock in the U. S. about 45% is held by women.) Mrs. Norton's husband is an architect.



ECONOMIST



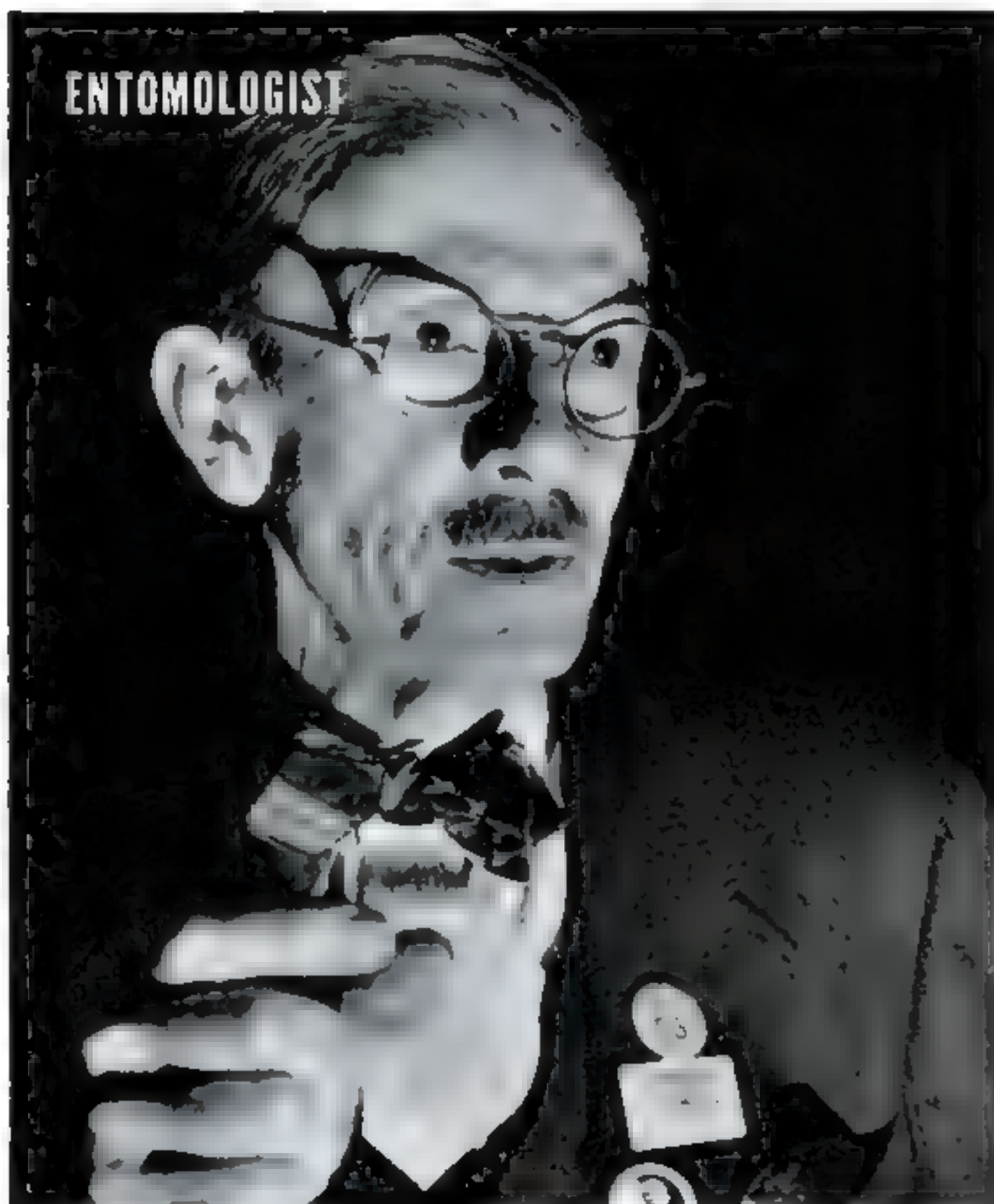
Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, president of the A.A.A.S., is professor of economics at Columbia University. Said he: "As citizens, scientists should do what they can to prevent the misuse of scientific discoveries. As scientists, they must not be hampered by world conditions."

MATHEMATICIAN



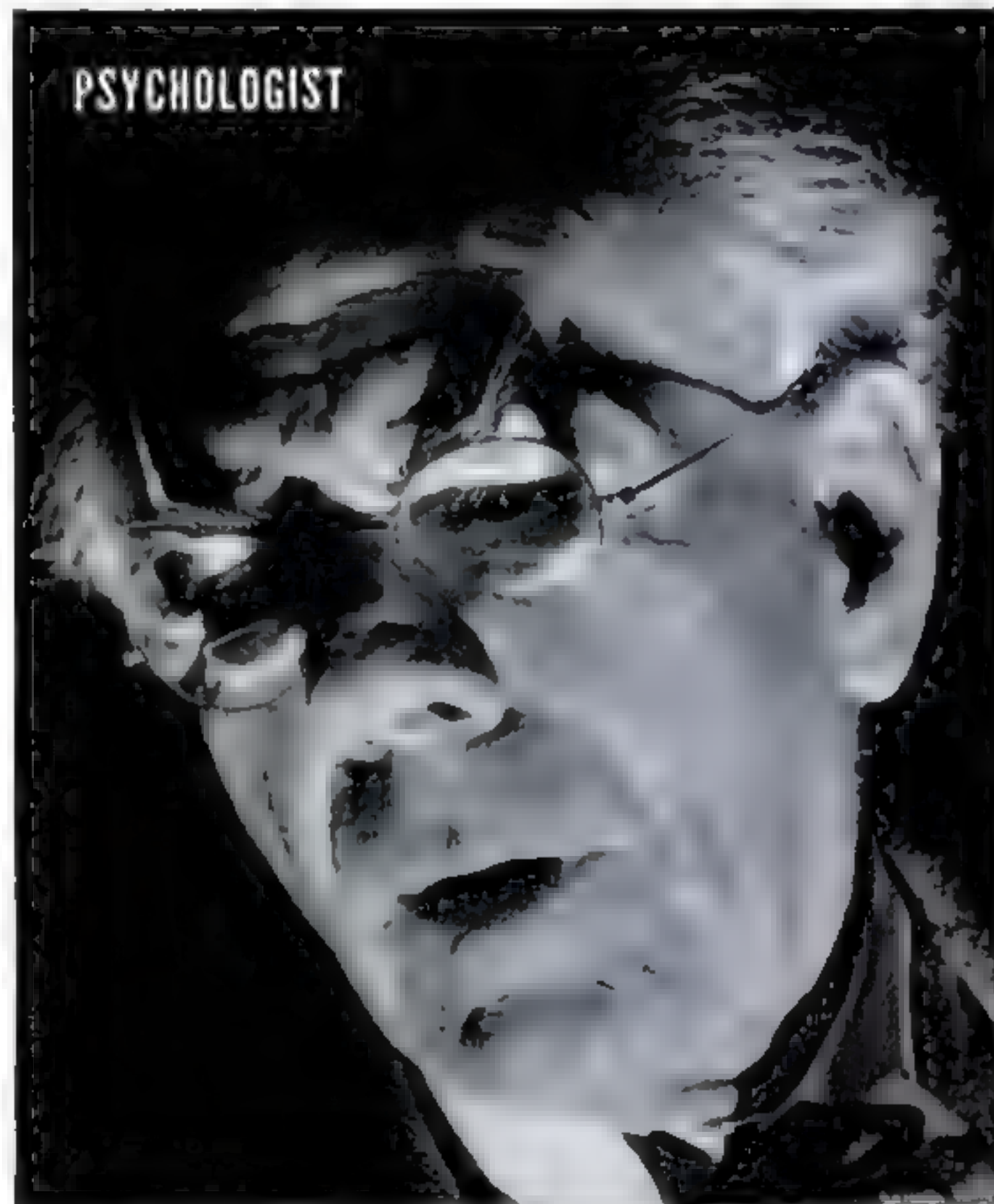
Dr. Forest Ray Moulton, permanent secretary of the A.A.A.S., is an expert on celestial mechanics and originator of the nebular hypothesis. He advised action on the part of scientists because "science depends on the social order, and the social order depends on science."

ENTOMOLOGIST



Professor Charles T. Brues, as a famous economic entomologist, has saved this country millions of dollars by discovering methods of eradicating plant parasites. Because of this fact he feels that he has "a definite connection with the world economic situation today."

PSYCHOLOGIST



James McKeen Cattell, who at 78 years of age is the dean of science in the U. S., was the first teacher of psychology in this country. He is opposed to the control of scientific discoveries and believes that "the true scientist works unselfishly and gives his results freely."

AMERICA'S TOP SCIENTISTS

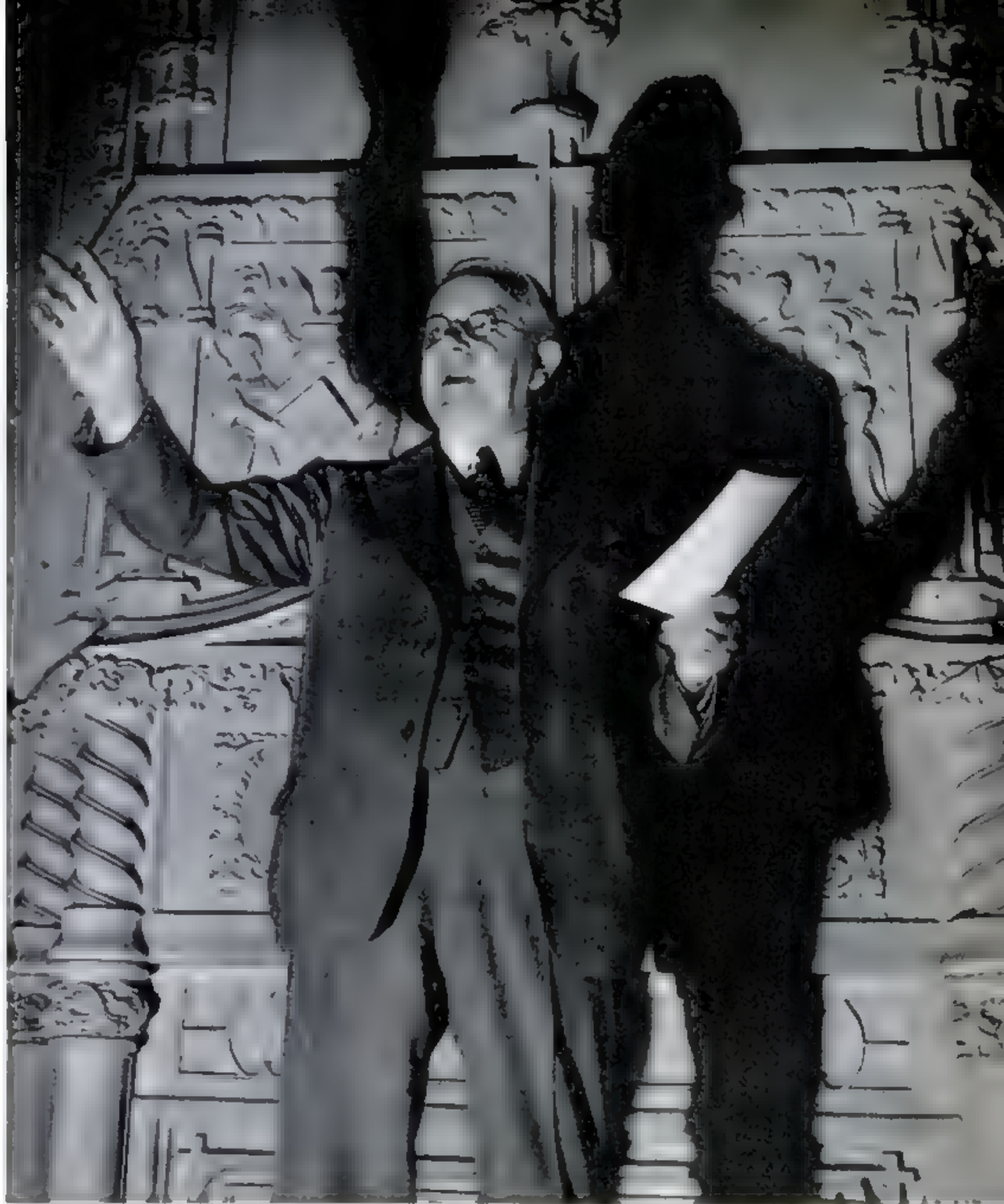
GROW GLOOMY AT "APEMEN'S"

ABUSE OF WORLD'S BRAINS

Last week 5,000 scientists from all over the world converged on Richmond, Va., for the 103rd meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Main purpose of the meeting was to exchange and merge 1,800 parcels of newly acquired technical knowledge. But far more pervasive than all scientific wisdom was a feeling of gloom that spread among the members of the Association. On the rostrum they deplored the present turn of events and in private they feared a future bleak in creative thinking.

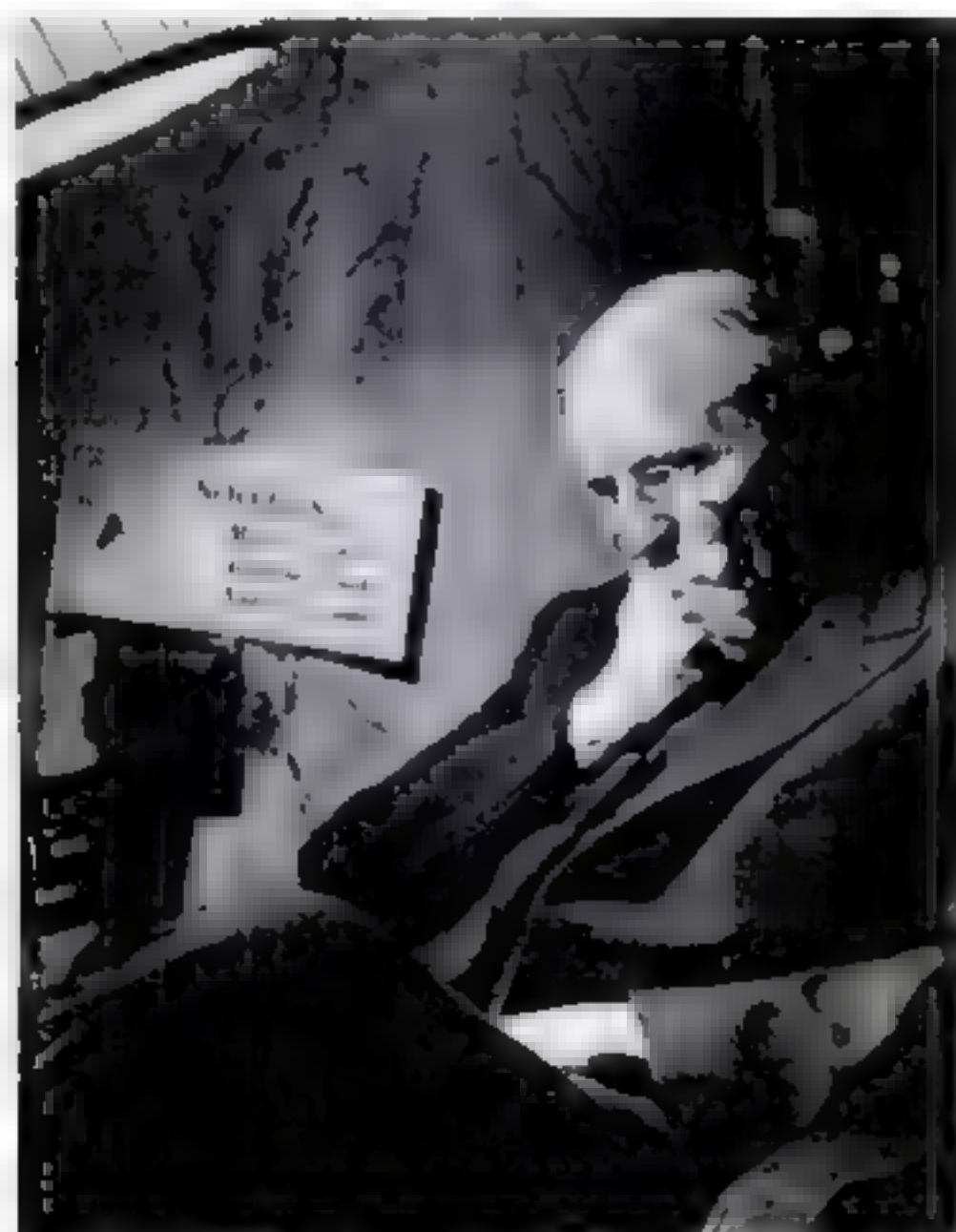
Of all groups, scientists form the one which is least affected by frontiers. They know that while it is possible to make synthetic rubber in a rubber-poor country, it is impossible to make brains in a brainless nation. For the last 300 years, scientists of all nations have co-operated in developing discoveries though separated by thousands of miles. In recent years, however, their colleagues in Germany, Russia and Austria have either committed suicide, "disappeared," or been told to concentrate on the manufacture of better oleomargarine or gunpowder. That this might soon be the fate of all scientists was the chief worry of A. A. A. S.

Because these "supermen" fashion the tools with which the "apemen" seek to destroy 5,000 years of civilization, the scientists decided at the meeting to abandon in part their traditional role as researchers in order to analyze scientifically the ills of the world and suggest remedies. Leaders of this international movement were Sir Richard Arman Gregory (right), former editor of *Nature*, the famous English scientific weekly, and Dr. Forest Ray Moulton (opposite page), permanent secretary of the A. A. A. S.



Sir Richard Arman Gregory, British apostle of international scientific co-operation and unity, warned the scientists that it was time to act forcefully. "Scientific workers," he de-

clared, "should not shirk their responsibility for upholding the freedom of thought where this principle is still honored, and of guarding against the abuse of that freedom."



Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, most famous U. S. zoologist, was one of the many pessimistic scientists at the meeting. An expert on parasites, he teaches at the University of Illinois.



Dr. Axel L. Melander, biologist, and Dr. Bruce are the Damon and Pythias of science. Childhood friends, they went to the same college, collaborated on research and on books.



Dr. J. J. Davis, professor of entomology at Purdue University, prepares the address he is to give next day. Said he: "Only free science can preserve our high standards of living."



Britain's Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and wife were not kept by the great cold from taking one of their constitutionals in London's St. James's Park, arms swinging briskly.



Old-fashioned Christmas scene is actually a London pile-up of skidding trucks and cars. Snow is rare in London. In fact this is Londoners' first snowball Christmas in ten years.



The poor of London, covered with placards reading "Unemployed demand work or bread," lie down on the icy pavements of smart Oxford Circus long enough to get a dusting of snow.

EUROPE'S WEEK OF THE GREAT COLD

W week before the U. S. freeze (see opposite page), a torrent of cold air poured out of the U. S. S. R. across Europe. What it did in such temperate capitals as London, Paris and Berlin is shown on this page. It even froze the rubber clapper of London's Big Ben into giving out a pitiable ding. It chilled and starved Rumanian wolves out of the high Carpathians down to the villages. In one village the peasants fought the wolves away from the stables for half a day, lost four villagers. The cold burst the water pipes in five new Paris apartment houses occupied by French Mobile Guards, flooding and icing the stairs, so that Guardsmen had to climb 14 flights on their knees. The cold broke records for a century back but left Iceland in a warm spell at 45° F.



Firemen wear helmets fringed with icicles after fighting a Tempelhof fire. Meanwhile, on the German-Polish border, ten Jewish refugees froze to death in a temporary border camp.



Along the Avenue Foch against the background of the Arc de Triomphe, Parisians go skating for first time in ten years. There was skating on the Grand Canal of Versailles.

WINTER'S FIRST BIG BLIZZARD BATTERS BUFFALO WITH BOOMING BOREAL BLASTS



LAKE ERIE, WHIPPED BY ICY WINDS, HURLED 25-FT. WAVES OVER GREAT LAKES FREIGHTERS AND GRAIN BOATS MOORED BEHIND BUFFALO'S BREAK-WATER



Afraid to move, these women cling to a traffic officer's pilbox during the height of Buffalo's blizzard, Dec. 27. Starting as a westerly blow and rising sharply to a 66-mph gale accompanied by driving snow, the storm brought destruction and death to Niagara peninsula.



Windiest place in Buffalo was the square in front of City Hall. Here pedestrians stepped gingerly on the snow-covered street, clinging tightly to their hats, sought policeman's helping arms. Many were injured by falls, by flying glass and grit. Temperature fell to 12°.

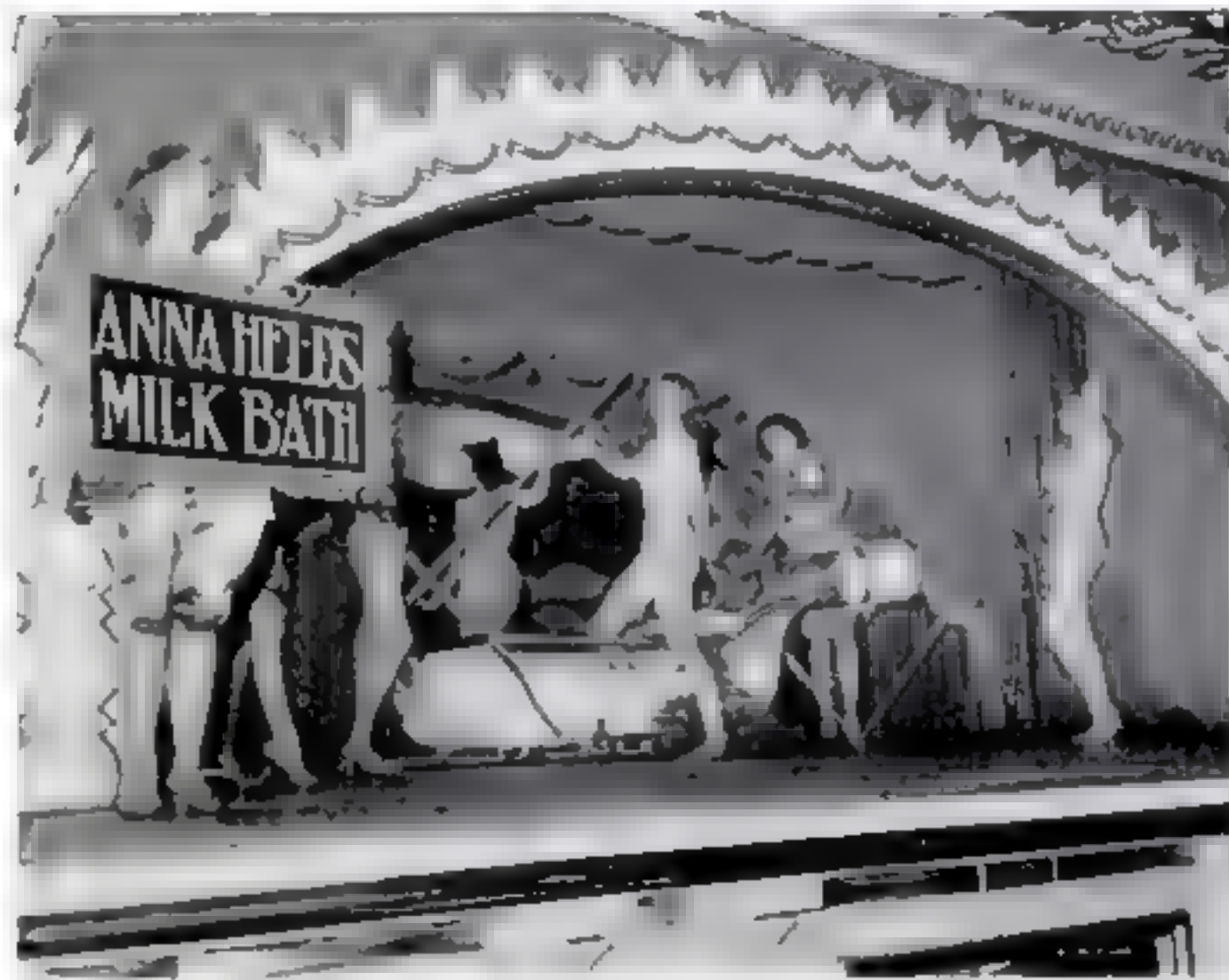
PROTECTIVE ROPES WERE STRETCHED ALONG PARTICULARLY EXPOSED AREAS. BUT THE WIND WAS SO INTENSE THAT THESE GIRLS LOST THEIR FOOTING DESPITE ROPE'S AID.



BILLY ROSE ADDS A NIGHT CLUB TO NEW YORK; EARL CARROLL ONE TO HOLLYWOOD



The women acrobats at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York wear rats in their hair and 1800 costumes as they tumble hilariously on a stage above the bar.



Anna Held's milk bath forms the tableau at Diamond Horseshoe's *Turn of the Century* revue. Another performer is Frita Scheff, who sings part of *Mlle. Modiste*.

In New York, where there is a surfeit of night clubs, and in Hollywood, where none has yet succeeded, two new super-hotspots opened Christmas week. The New York one, called characteristically Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, turns for decoration to the crimson walls, the plush drapes, the gilt arabesques and the gas chandeliers of 1800. The Hollywood one, called characteristically Earl Carroll Theatre, exhibits an ultramodern, super-streamlined interior with a patent-leather ceiling, 10,000 colored neon lights, a 15-ft. statue, an acre of burgundy carpet and a revolving stage inside a larger revolving stage.

In New York, smart Billy Rose invited theater and press people to his opening performance (Dec. 23) and gave them a fast, funny, gaudy show at \$1 minimum charge. Its chief sketches were nights at Rector's, Delmonico's and Steve Brodie's in the days of ostrich plumes, corsets, *Sweet Adeline* and Anna Held milk baths. In Hollywood, Earl Carroll chose the "most beautiful girls in the world," had them perform before microphones that went dead, behind curtains that opened too soon, and on stages that revolved so fast they could scarcely stand. Such film celebrities as Darryl Zanuck, Walt Disney and Walter Wanger were seated in a special "inner circle" where, isolated from the common dining room, Hollywood bluebloods were enrolled as life members at \$1,000 a head.



Comic dancers at Earl Carroll's Hollywood night club were somewhat hampered by too complicated stage machinery which made platforms sink and revolving stages whirl too fast.



The ballet dancers performed on opening night (Dec. 26) before 900 common customers at \$10 a head and 200 preferred ones, selected from filmdom's aristocrats at \$1,000 a head.

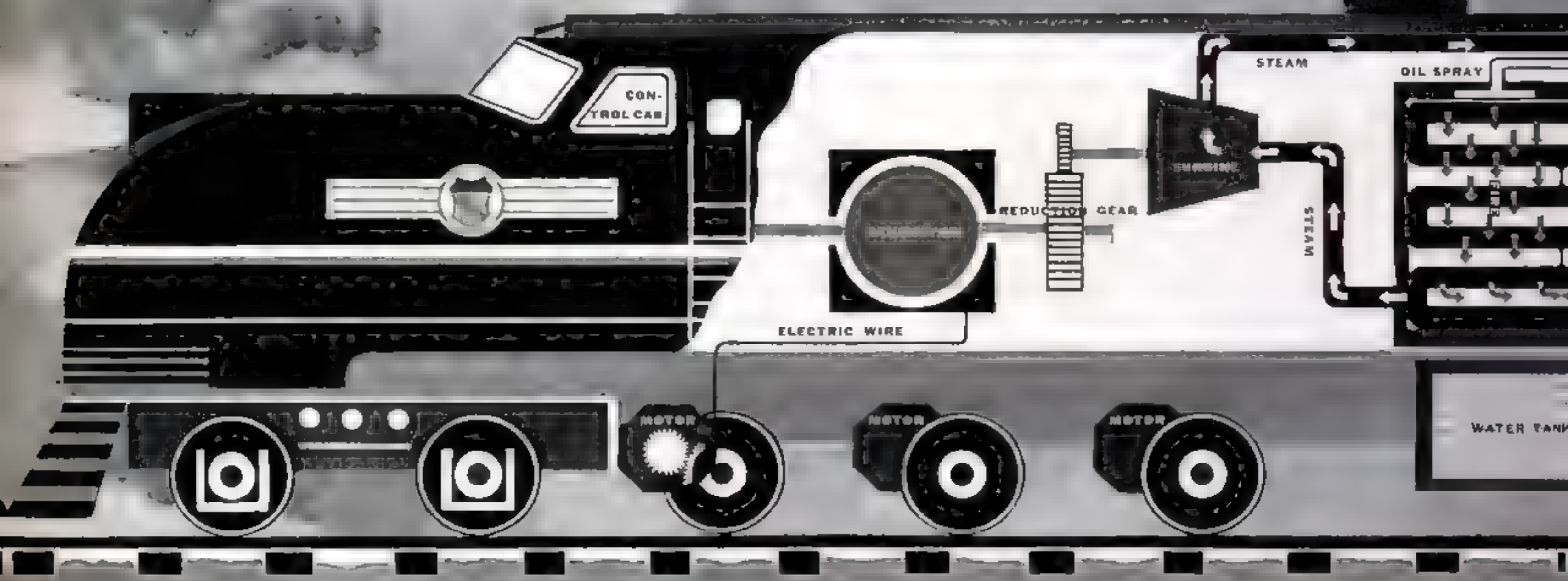


With stage settings designed by top-notch artists and the pick of beautiful film extras, Earl Carroll is attempting a comeback in Hollywood, where no good night club has yet clicked.



EARL CARROLL OPENS HIS NEW \$500,000 HOLLYWOOD NIGHT CLUB, ILLUMINATED BY 10,000 COLORED NEON TUBES SUSPENDED FROM A PATENT-LEATHER CEILING

SCIENCE



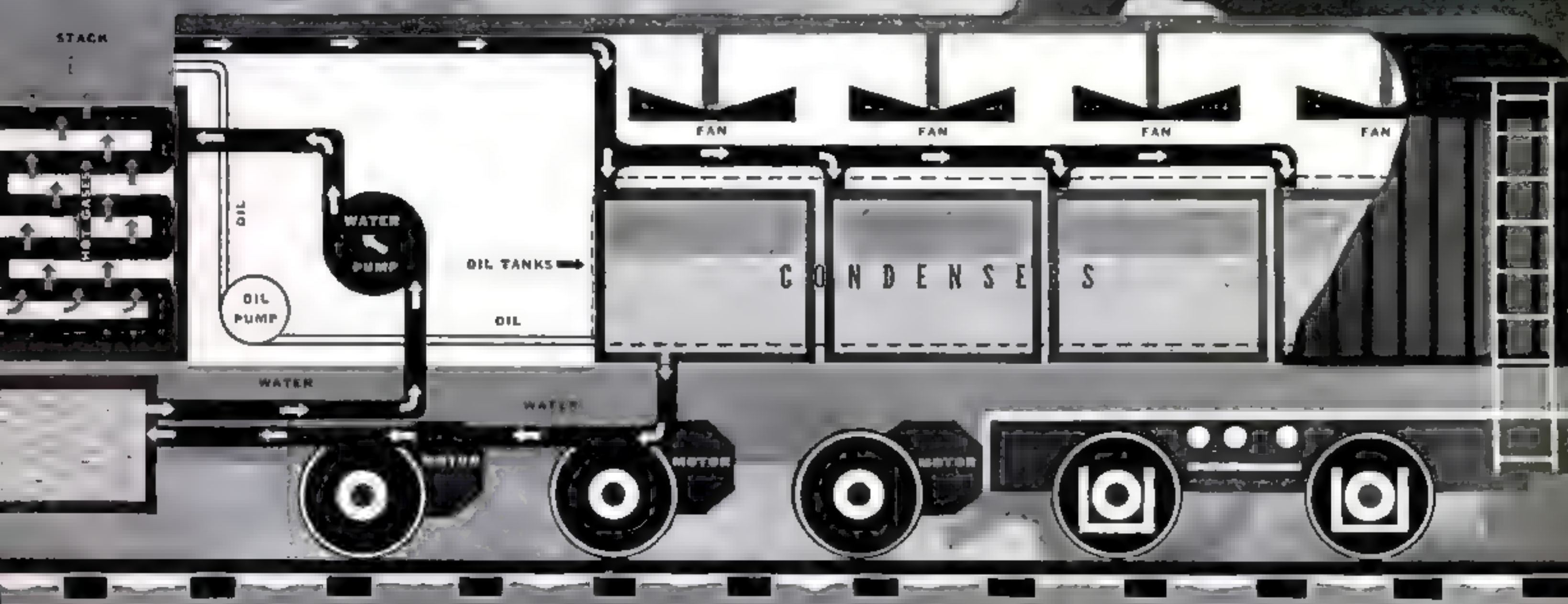
Turbine electric locomotive is composed of two power plants. The first, marked by arrowed line in diagram, transforms water from the tank into steam in boiler. Steam then goes to

turbine and back to condenser to become water. The second has its heart in the generator which gets power from turbine, transforms it into electricity which drives the motors.



Of standard size, this locomotive has in it all the propelling machinery embodied in a steamship, plus condensing equipment which has stumped many previous attempts to

build turbine-driven locomotives. In addition to front headlight there is a vertical one (see diagram) which reflects against clouds, shows approaching train at a great distance.



U.P.'S NEW TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS LIKE A SHIP

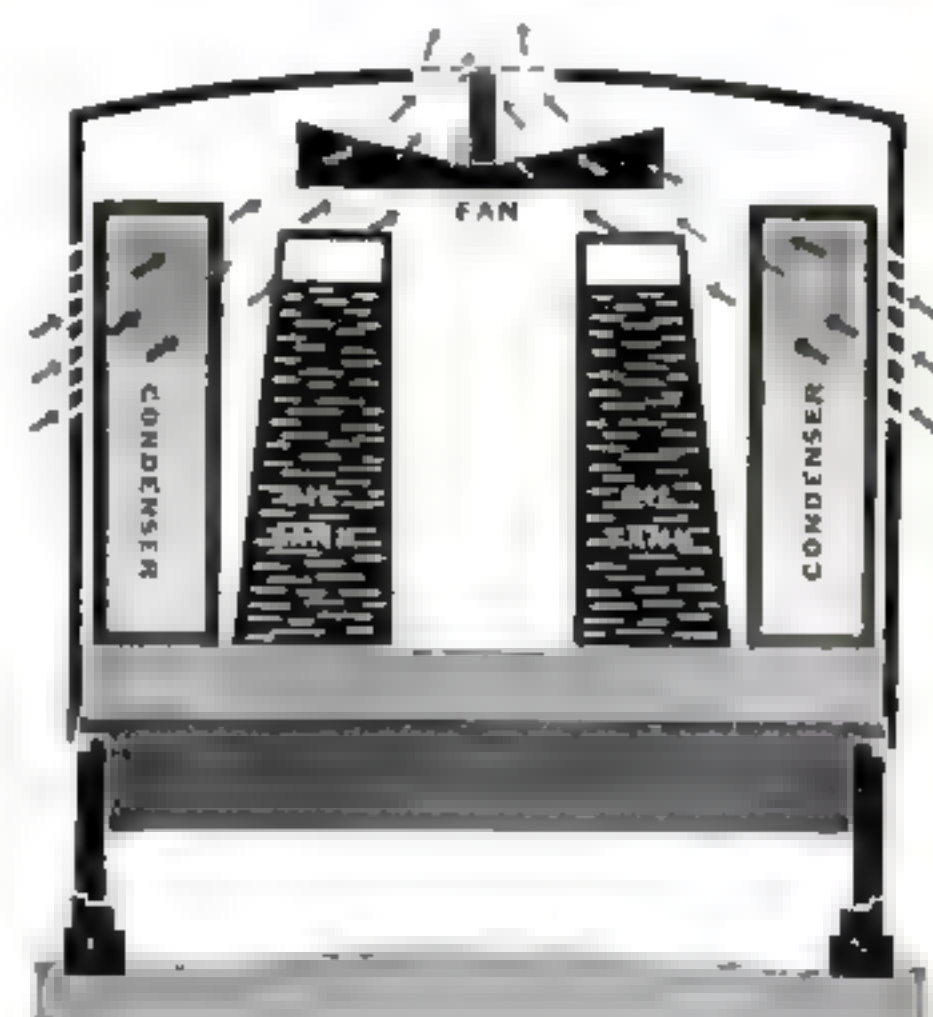
On Dec. 19 a party of officials from General Electric and the Union Pacific Railroad gazed with pride at their newest creation—a canary yellow locomotive (opposite page) racing along the tracks near Erie, Pa. Outwardly the locomotive looked like most other modern streamlined engines. But inside it was radically different. In place of a Diesel motor, steam from a coal fire, or electricity from a third rail, its power plant is operated by a compact steam turbine similar to those that propel the latest steamships.

Because turbines are by far the most efficient form of motive power, the new locomotive will do twice as much work as any other engine for each pound of fuel used and will make three times the mileage between stops for water or fuel. Operated either as a single unit developing 2,500 h.p. or as a double unit developing 5,000 h.p., it can pull a heavy train at

the record speed of 125 m.p.h. and can climb the steepest slopes without help.

The diagram above shows how this revolutionary power plant operates. Water from the tank in the center of the locomotive is pumped into the boiler tubes which are heated by burning oil. The water turns into steam, rushes into the turbine which rotates at 12,000 r.p.m. The exhaust steam is condensed at back of locomotive and used over again. Geared down, the power from the turbine operates a generator which creates electricity. The current goes to six electric motors that turn the twelve drive wheels. When going down hill the engineers simply reverse the motors, which then produce electricity and act as brakes, thereby eliminating jolts and jars.

The new locomotive is now being tested, will be placed on a regular run by the U. P. this spring.



Air is drawn through condensers by fan, turns steam into water. The tanks at the center of locomotive hold fuel oil.



Vertical vanes at the back of engine provide openings for the air that flows through condensers. Water is transformed into steam and back into water again in 1½ minutes.



Controls are all located in the engineer's cab. The lever held by the engineer controls the speed of the locomotive. The one below his hand controls the electric braking system.

ART



REGINALD MARSH: SANDY HAIR, FLORID COMPLEXION, KEEN BLUE EYES, 48

EDUCATED LIKE A RICH MAN'S SON MARSH PREFERS TO PAINT POOR MEN

Reginald Marsh is America's foremost painter of burlesque girls, slum kids, subway strap-hangers, bums, honky-tonk racketeers, fat women bathers and all the ragtag and bobtail of a big city. He has many artistic followers and this winter more than ever he is capturing public interest. For the Treasury Relief Art Project, he has lately completed 2,000 sq. ft. of murals for the New York Custom House. On the next pages LIFE shows four paintings from Marsh's recent exhibition at the Rehn Galleries in Manhattan.

His gusto for painting the bottom crust of society contrasts curiously with Marsh's background. He comes of sturdy, conservative New England stock. His mother and father, both well-known artists, were steeped in academic traditions. Marsh himself was educated with rich men's sons at Lawrenceville and Yale. Perhaps because of this very background he can paint the other half with a journalist's objectivity, without either flinching or crusading.

For all his Rabclavian relish for humanity, Marsh is quick to catch the poignance of the awkward, tawdry people he portrays. And for all the apparent spontaneity of his work, he plans it meticulously, sometimes filling his fat and handy little notebooks with trial sketches before creating one figure that satisfies him. The vigor of his art is evident in Marsh himself. He often works 14 hours at a stretch, painting during the daylight, working on his etchings at night. Marsh lives soberly apart from most of the scenes he paints, but loves to visit Coney Island because "It stinks of people and is earthy and real."

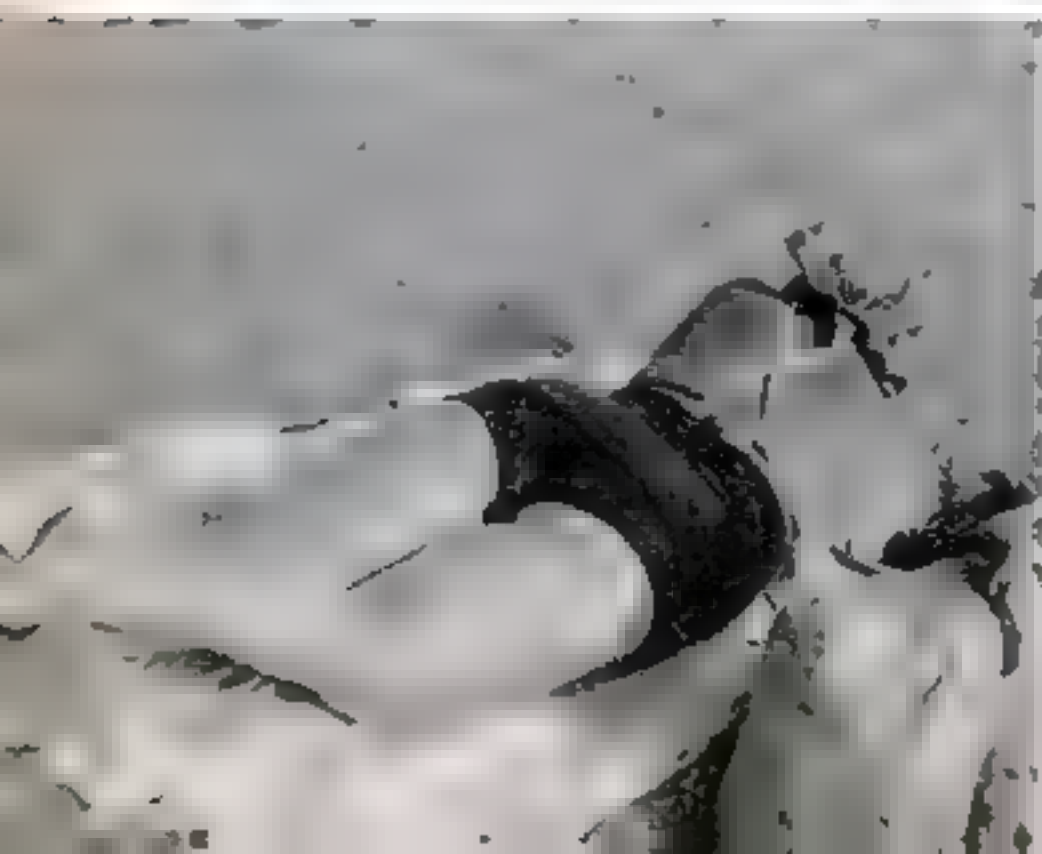


Waterfront bum and skyscrapers in Manhattan are being sketched by Reginald Marsh on a winter day. The shack at right is a telephone booth where barge captains go for messages.



Home at night, after painting all day in his small New York studio, Marsh works on etchings. At left is etching-press handle. Most American museums own his etchings.

MARSH WITH HIS LEICA CAMERA SNAPPED THESE BATHERS SPRAWLING IN THE SAND AT CONEY ISLAND. FROM SUCH UNPOSED SHOTS HE OFTEN GETS IDEAS FOR PICTURES





Chesecake

Ship-news photographers snapping "chesecake" pictures of a leggy young lady arriving in New York is a perfect subject for Reginald Marsh. The cameraman lying on the deck to get an angle shot dates this scene as not earlier than last year. Marsh relishes the foibles of humanity. Like Artist Hogarth, whom he somewhat resembles, Marsh lampoons society with robust good humor.

Swimming in the Hudson

This picture of New Yorkers diving into the Hudson at West 12th Street was painted last summer. Entire families swim here and enjoy rocking, like the woman in the inner tube, in the wake of ocean liners. Marsh himself often swims here, and joins the Irish and Italian families fishing for crabs and eels. As a painter he sympathizes with the proletariat but never sentimentalizes them.





Human Pool Table

In the din of Coney Island's huge fair house, called Steeplechase, Artist Marsh finds the rowdy American scenes he likes best. Above he shows funlovers sprawling and sprawling as they slide down polished shoots. In the foreground they land on a platform of whirling cuses. Some of the spectators find Marsh's covered room every right like opera fans. The orchestra of horses in upper right is the horse and steeplechase. Atop the wooden elephant sits the compressed air operator described below.

Airhole

Flung the girls' skirts, jets of compressed air contrived by the man on the elephant (above) hiss up from the floor. At the extreme right a clown with an electric shocker pokes the men. The midjet clown in the middle is Angelo, famous fixture at the fair house for two ve years. Built in 1897 by George C. Tilyou, and now run by his family, the Steeplechase Park is much admired by Reginald Marsh. He considers many of its bizarre carvings and colored statues to be fine examples of vigorous Gay Nineties art.





EDWARD STEICHEN TAKES HIS OWN PORTRAIT WITH A 100-YEAR-OLD CAMERA

The patched and ancient camera shown above was manufactured a century ago by Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, inventor of the daguerreotype and godfather of modern photography. The gentleman beside the camera is Edward Steichen, one of photography's great living practitioners. The picture is a self-portrait, taken by Mr. Steichen in the mirror of his New York studio with Daguerre's historic camera.

It was on Jan. 9, 1839 that the French Academy of Sciences officially recognized Daguerre's epochal achievement. This week photographers throughout the world are celebrating the centennial of their calling. To mark the event LIFE asked Photographer

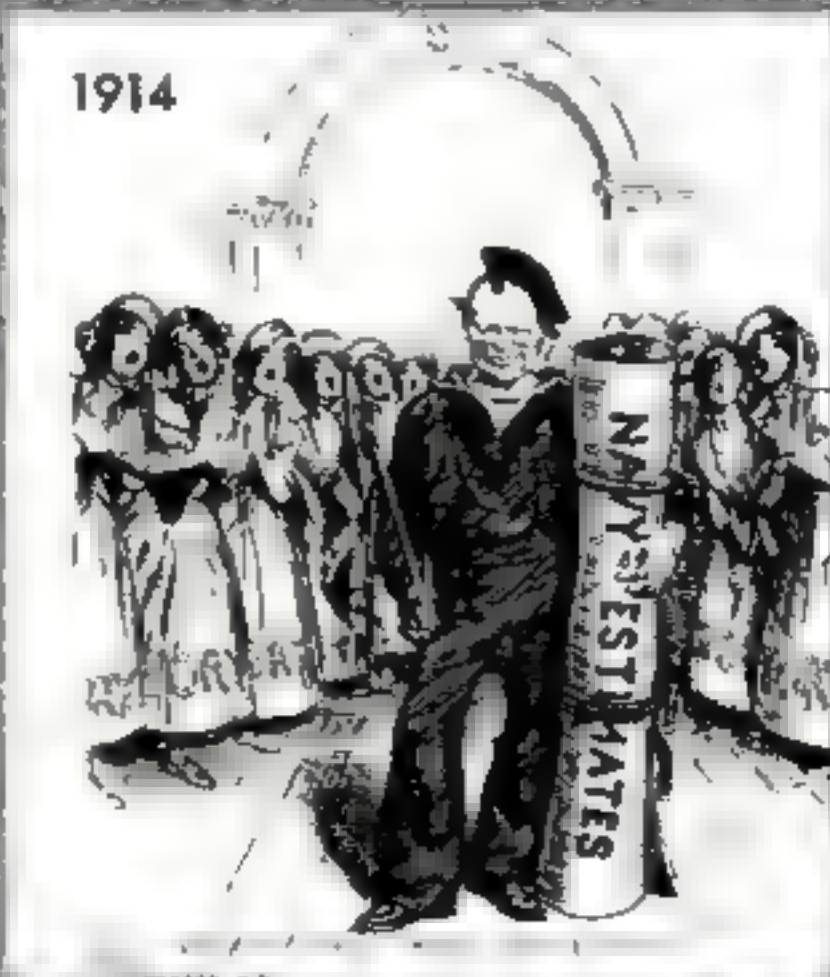
Steichen to take a picture with one of Daguerre's old cameras. The camera was obtained from Therese Bonney, owner of the most extensive U. S. collection of daguerreotypes and daguerreotype equipment.

Mr. Steichen repaired leaks in the camera box with mending tape, stuck some over the aperture and punched a tiny hole to give greater depth of focus. The result, as shown above, was as fine a portrait as could be taken with a modern camera. Reasons: 1) Daguerre's camera was fundamentally as good as present-day cameras; 2) modern film is far superior to the sensitized copper plates used by Daguerre. 3) Edward Steichen is a superb camera technician.

CLOSE-UP



THE HONORABLE WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL
FAVORITE CHARACTER OF ENGLISH CARTOONISTS



WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Peter Pan of British Politics, staging another comeback, now catches the ear of his countrymen on the issue of Nazism

by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

On Dec. 7, 1936, a short, stout, bald-headed gentleman, with the face of a self-indulgent cherub, arose to speak in the House of Commons. At the moment he was in a righteous temper; his cheeks were flushed and his jaw set. It was four o'clock—question time. The House, crowded from floor to gallery, was nervous and irritable. "May I ask my right honorable friend," he began in his thick lisping voice, glaring at the impassive bulk of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, "whether he can give us an assurance that no irrevocable step

The speaker got no further. The silence which had greeted his opening words was suddenly broken, from all sides, with howls of "No" and "Sit down"—a scene described in next morning's *Times* as "the most striking rebuff of modern parliamentary history." The recipient of this rebuff was the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, who had been trying to make, so the Commons considered, a little political capital out of the imminent abdication of Edward VIII.

That night his enemies declared that Churchill would never recover the ground he had lost. How foolish of him to suppose that he could start a King's Party! How foolish, but how typical! Well, he had done himself in at last, and was an utterly ruined man. Mr. Churchill himself, however, was not of this opinion. He is about as amenable to suppression as a cork in a tub of water. He had faced an angry Commons before. Once, indeed, in the dim past, he had so outraged that normally restrained assembly that one M. P. had thrown a book at his head. As for his political downfall, that had been predicted, on and off, since 1915.

Winston Churchill is an experienced man who has held nine Cabinet positions—eight as a Liberal and one as a Conservative. To such a versatile personage what is a rebuff, even "the most striking in modern parliamentary history?" Hurt he may well have been, but not despairing. During 1937 he resumed with imperturbable assurance the thread of that oratory which, calling for more aggressive defense measure against Nazidom, has been embalmed for posterity in a volume entitled *While England Slept*, at present a best-seller in England and America. He became once more a leader of the "no surrender" wing of the Conservative Party. It was a successful role. During the Czechoslovak crisis of last September, not two years after his abdication fiasco, it was generally agreed that, in the event of war, nothing short of the Last Trump could keep him from the Cabinet.

This swift reversal of fortune is typical both of Churchill's career and of his character. Nobody doubts that there was an element of idealism in his support of Edward. Nobody doubts his attachment to the British Empire. It is difficult, however, to distinguish between his

ideals and his idiosyncrasies. Everything he does is colored by a temperamental affection for the dramatic, for the spectacular, and for himself. He is, in short, a flagrant opportunist.

Most men in public life are, of course, to some extent opportunists but most men are able to conceal this fact, from the public if not from themselves. Churchill cannot conceal it. He has never—it is one of his honesties—really attempted to conceal it. He likes to thumb his nose at conventional opinion. He is, moreover, an odd sort of opportunist, for he does not always realize that it is one thing to grasp the skirts of opportunity, but quite another to clutch at her apron strings. "Precocious" may seem an inappropriate word to apply to a gentleman who is well on the wrong side of middle age, but it is Churchill's precocity which continuously baffles his friends and infuriates his enemies. Somewhere in the recesses of his extraordinary character, beneath so much that is mature and so much that is judicious, there lurks an irresponsible, irrepressible, brilliant, small child.

It was this unaccountable being who seems to have decided that the abdication crisis was an opportunity, and who attempted to play Cavalier against Mr. Baldwin's Roundhead. It was this same being who conducted an equally ill-judged opposition to Indian Reform; who edited *The British Gazette* (the strike-breaking Government newspaper) with schoolboy gusto during the General Strike of 1926; who hoped to militarize the railways during the labor unrest of 1911; who supervised the fantastic "Sidney Street Siege" of 1911; and who used to be known to the music halls of England, not without affection, as "Winnie."

None the less, Churchill the Peter Pan is counterbalanced by Churchill the Elder Statesman. It is possible, of course, to discern in his statesmanship the same childlike and expansive characteristics. The Empire of his dreams is a Rudyard Kipling sort of empire—the spangles and the bugles, the palm and pine, the lesser breed without the law, the white man's burden, and all the rest of it. But it also happens that Churchill's concept of empire is interpenetrated with a great deal of profound thinking, with an amazing accretion of solid information, and with a strategical vision second to none in England.

That vision has not grown dim with the passing of time. For the last six years he has seen that the greatest threat to British imperialism lay in Berlin, not Moscow. It is one of the world's tragedies that the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments have thought otherwise, and that Churchill has been forced to play for so long the thankless role of a Tory Cassandra. That role is over now, and the prophet is not without honor. Churchill's imperialism, militaristic and illiberal at heart, finds itself on this



Churchill's illustrious ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, victor of Blenheim (1704), was England's greatest general. His family has given England countless soldiers and statesmen.



Churchill, the social lion, is easily bored but often a brilliant wit. Below, Churchill, the Elder Statesman, with the present Foreign Minister, Lord Halifax, who has a wooden left arm.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Winston Churchill (continued)

one subject of the Nazi menace aligned with liberal thought all over Europe.

It would be too much to say that he is liked by his fellow countrymen. They believe that he makes no distinction between the advancement of England and the advancement of Churchill. They suspect he puts the second before the first. They incline to the opinion that he is much too clever for his own good. They have not forgotten that he has changed his party not once, which is often enough, but twice, which is really too often. But his anti-Chamberlain, anti-Nazi stand has at last earned their respect. The House of Commons does not trust him. The Conservatives do not trust him. But they have both begun to listen to him with profound attention. Not long ago, for instance, the hostess of Cliveden, Lady Astor, who as the years go on resembles more and more an attenuated wasp, took to sitting behind Churchill in the Commons. Whenever he rose to speak, she would punctuate his remarks with little *sette voce* gibes and with facial contortions of an unseemly nature. All she got for her pains was an invitation, from both sides of the House, to go and sit somewhere else.

After all, he is the most gifted man in that assembly. He is also, in private life no less than in public, one of the most unusual. A descendant of John, first Duke of Marlborough, Queen Anne's great general, he retains—it is a family trait—some of the habits of an 18th Century aristocrat. He is accustomed to getting his own way. His daily well-being is not infrequently achieved at the expense of somebody else's feelings. If something thwarts him, some minor dislocation in his private affairs, he is apt to jump up and down with rage, shouting the while, like Lewis Carroll's Tweedledum. Hostesses are always a little uneasy when they ask him to dinner. It is not his unpunctuality that worries them, as he rarely arrives on time, it is the question of whether or not he is going to be bored or annoyed by his dinner partner. If he is bored, his voice degenerates into a thick mutter and dies away in silence, while bleak melancholy descends upon those who are near him. If he is annoyed, his tongue is apt to be sharp. At a recent dinner party at Lady Cunard's, Churchill began to quarrel with his cousin, Lord Londonderry. "Haven't you read my last book?" Londonderry asked, hoping to clinch his argument. "No," said Churchill, "I only read for pleasure or profit."

When he wants to be, however, there is no more delightful conversationalist in England. His conversation, too, is of an 18th Century kind. More stylish than scintillating, more a confection of whole paragraphs than of single phrases, it does not lend itself to quotation. It has to be heard to be believed. Hunched into a chair, his heavy head sunk into his shoulders, his shoulders falling away into his broad chest and paunchy stomach, he will talk far into the night, while droppings of cigar ash slowly cover the front of his waistcoat. He prefers, on the whole, the sound of his own voice to that of other people's, and if he is alone (or believes that he is alone) will often talk to himself, quite loudly.

Once in the days when mahjong was the rage he attended a performance of Shaw's *St. Joan*, in which Dame Sybil Thorndike said: "West wind, west wind, west wind." The Right Hon. Winston Churchill, sitting in the front row, exploded: "Pong!"

His energy is amazing, but this does not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



Churchill was captured by Boers during the Boer War when they derailed a British troop train. He was taken to Pretoria

as a prisoner of war. He escaped alone over a prison wall. He was then a war correspondent at \$1,250 a month.



Kaiser Wilhelm greeted Churchill as German army maneuvers in 1909 (above). Churchill was a Cabinet member. The Kaiser signed the picture with the Anglicized version of his name which he liked to affect with English visitors.

As First Lord of the Admiralty, Churchill met Germany's challenge to English supremacy on the sea. At an "Armada Day" celebration in 1912 he spoke in this striking manner as he stood on a ship's replica by a painted backdrop (below).



SNAPSHOTS FROM CAREER OF WINSTON CHURCHILL: STATESMAN, SOLDIER, PAINTER, POLO PLAYER, BRICKLAYER



1 Lord Randolph Churchill, his father, was a big Tory politician.



2 His American mother was Jennie Jerome, daughter of a N.Y. Times editor.



3 At Harrow he is last in his class. His father sends him into the army.



4 He left, enters Sandhurst on his third try, at once loses military life.



5 He fights in Cuba for Spain in 1895 as a young Russian officer.



6 In India (1896-98) he fights rebellious tribes, and soon starts at polo.



7 In 1900, after a bus-top campaign, he gets elected an M.P.



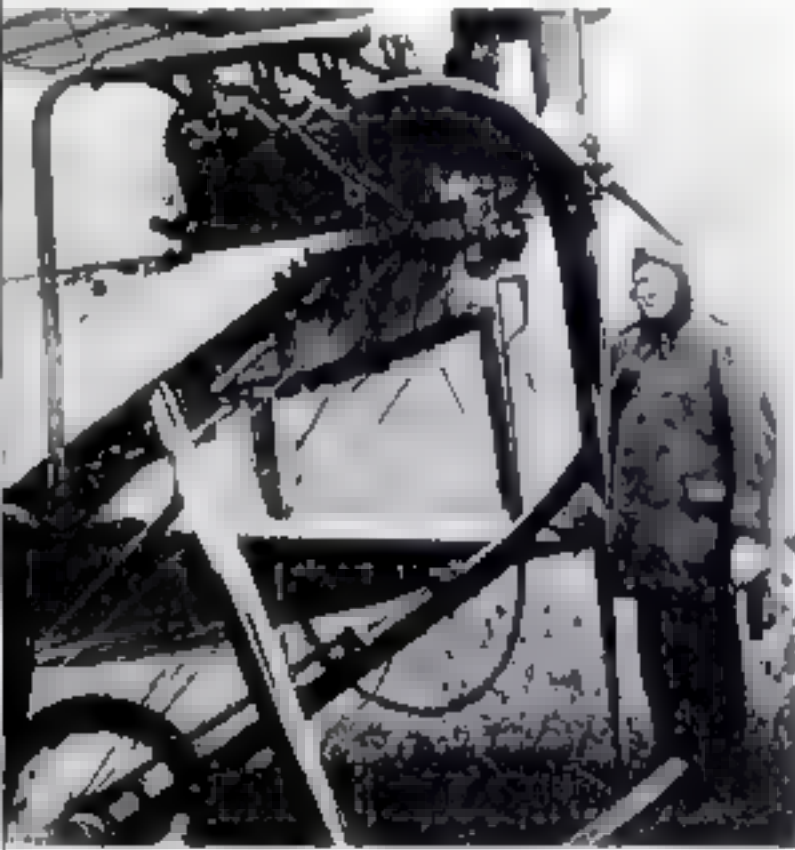
8 On his wedding day in 1908 Churchill is then president of the Board of Trade.



9 He honeymoon with his beautiful wife, Clementine Hozier.



10 First Lord of the Admiralty in 1911, he is a to break down.



11 In 1912 he first flies. Four years later, during the War, he pilots his own plane.



12 He goes to the front in 1916, and narrowly escapes death.



13 As an M.P. in the 1920s, he still plays good polo.



14 Stricken with paratyphoid early in 1931, he beams as he leaves the hospital.



15 For recreation he paints. Here he is on the Riviera.



16 On a trip to the U.S. in 1929, he and his son Randolph dine with W.R. Hearst and Louis Mayer (right).



17 Chartwell is Churchill's own home in England. The house is spacious and ponds and gardens dot the grounds. The home is now for sale.



18 His favorite pastime is constructing small buildings at Chartwell. He once belonged to a bricklayers' union.

Winston Churchill (continued)

advertise itself. His appearance is decidedly sloppy. In London he dresses with crumpled formality. In the country he wears, whenever possible, a workman's blue overall, and though he has never, in any circumstances, sat down to dinner in anything but evening clothes, they are not exactly neat. In repose, he seems old, bored, inert. He looks like a connoisseur of food and wine who for years has not bothered to take enough exercise. In America, in 1931, he had a number of lecture engagements all over the country. It was the very depth of Prohibition. He insisted, however, that a bottle of vintage champagne should be provided for him at dinner-time, wherever he happened to be. He would also order three or four dinners at one time, not out of gluttony, but out of a desire to pick and choose among the best features of each hotel's cuisine. His agent had to meet these expenses, besides paying \$1,000 a lecture.

Churchill has his recreations, though. His grounds at Chartwell Manor in Kent are embellished with artificial dams and falls. He built them himself. He built the cottages and the garden walls. He installed the pump which sends water up from the lower pond to the upper pond with the goldfish. At Chartwell, he rarely goes out without a shovel or a rake, unless it is a painting day. His pictures signed "Charles Marin" have been exhibited only once. They are landscapes and some of them are pretty good. His other recreations are of a sedentary nature: bezique, backgammon, a flutter at the tables in Le Toquet, an occasional very costly venture into the Wall Street market, which for some reason he prefers to that of London.

He is physically capable of standing a good deal of wear and tear, but it is the athletic mind rather than the healthy body that keeps him going at top speed. Few men are more agile, more abandoned, in the pursuit of an idea. If one strikes him, in the bath, or half way through dressing, he will rush out, calling for a secretary to take it down. The spectacle of a stout gentleman in silk underclothes, or a bath towel, or nothing at all, is not good for the nerves of housemaids and his week-end hostesses have been known to warn their staffs in advance of this Churchill habit. As for his secretaries, he employs four, five or six, and drives them hard. Tireless himself, he does not expect them to be tired, and they probably only stay with him because of his ability to charm anyone whom he wishes to charm.

He is a strong family man, devoted to his wife and children. This is one of the reasons why he works so hard, for his family, like himself, is not averse to luxury. Amidst all his other interests, he is constantly writing. His income from that and from his lectures may amount to as much as £20,000 in a good year. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he was known as a hearty spender of public money; in private life, he and his family are hearty spenders of his own—so hearty indeed that today Chartwell Manor is on the market.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that much of his prose should be hurried and shallow. At its worst it is very readable and at its best, it ranks with the best in England. In its clarity, its dramatic intensity, its moments of imprudence and moments of profound insight, in its ability to wear the purple without disaster, there stands revealed the inner personality of Churchill. Not to be confused with Winston Churchill, the American novelist, he has written 16 books of which only one is a novel and that

a youthful indiscretion. Most of his output is of a military character, for he is an authority on military science. His *World Crisis*, a three-volume history of the last War, is remarkable in many respects. It brings to the description of those horrible campaigns a scientific detachment, a high strategic imagination, and a dreamy relish for the effusion of blood. It has another gift, more commendable and more rare among historians—a knowledge of how men who are not historians behave. The same can be said of his *Marlborough*, a fine biographical defense of his ambiguous ancestor. And now, with the last volume of *Marlborough* still among the newly published books, he is well on his way to completing the first volume of his *History of The English Speaking People*.

His writing, however, will always come second to Churchill's political ambitions. He would gladly exchange his literary income for the Prime Minister's £5,000 a year—a plum which fate has dangled constantly before his nose and as constantly snatched away. He certainly entered life in 1874 with all the advantages. He was a grandson of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and son of that Lord Randolph Churchill whose brilliant career was cut short only by a tragic breakdown. His mother was an American, born Jennie Jerome of New York, a beautiful woman and an inspired hostess. Churchill is proud of his parentage, and even, it may be, of his beginnings. Like everything else about him, they were unusual. He was a dunce at Harrow and the despair of his father who decided that the army was the only place fit for him. He departed for India, a round-faced redheaded subaltern of Hussars, with a gift for polo and little else.

Then, quite suddenly, his intellect began to assert itself. In the tedium of army life at Bangalore, he took to reading—Gibbon, Macaulay, Darwin, Malthus, Plato. He grew restless; his family pulled strings at home; he was attached to the 31st Punjab Infantry as war correspondent in their campaign against the Pathans. Not long afterwards more strings were pulled—it is very useful in English democracy to belong to a ducal family—and he obtained a similar position in Kitchener's war against the Dervishes of the Sudan. The two books which resulted from these adventures—*The Story of the Malakand Field Force* and *The River War*—displayed three of his most persistent characteristics. They were extremely well written. They showed a singular grasp of military problems. They also betrayed a temperamental inability to distinguish between his own business and somebody else's. Even the great Kitchener did not escape the disapproving pen of his subaltern of Hussars.

After this, his mind not being the sort to feed on the mean diet of discipline and routine, he retired from the army. He was just 24. When the Boer War came, he rushed out to South Africa as a correspondent for the *Morning Post*, and was captured by the Boers in embarrassing circumstances. He had been directing with considerable gallantry the defense of an armored train, which is not what semi-civilian war correspondents are supposed to do. The Boers, however, who always showed an engaging disregard of military punctilio, did not shoot him. They merely imprisoned him in Pretoria, and from Pretoria he escaped.

It was upon this foundation of literature, insubordination, and heroics that he entered political life, swimming into Parliament on the muddy tide of the Khaki Election of 1900, a Conservative of the most warlike stripe. Soon

MR. CHURCHILL'S HATS ARE FAMOUS



Mr. Churchill's failing for hats is famous. He never misses a chance to try out a new model. This 1923 *Punch* cartoon ribs both his many hats and his many offices. The Premier's is for possible future use.



1885: SCHOOLBOY BOWLER



1890: HUSSAR'S HELMET



1899: LIGHT-HORSE CAP



1899: BOER WAR CAP



1900: SILK TOPPER



1900: KNOCKABOUT TRILBY



1910: CAVALRY CAP



1910: TOP HAT

HERE ARE SOME OF HIS FAVORITES



1926: WILD HELMET



1924: ADMIRAL'S COCKADE



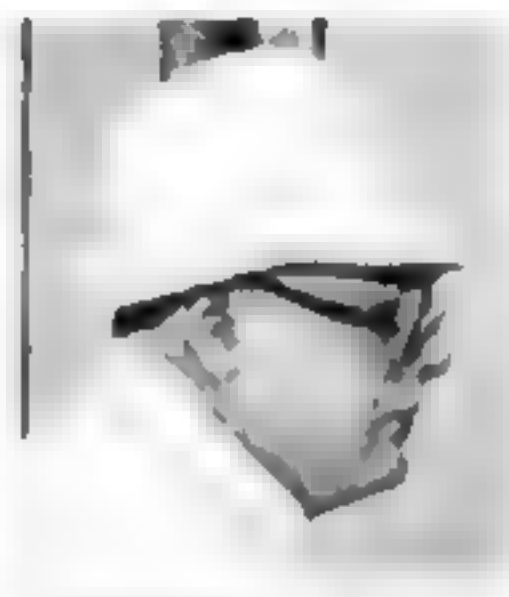
1926: IRISH "PADDY" HAT



1927: HUNTING CAP



1928: ENGLISH BOWLER



1930: INFORMAL DUCK HAT



1937: ENGINEER'S CAP



1937: YACHTING CAP



1937: GARDENING STRAW



1937: BLACK HOMBURG



1938: GRAY HOMBURG



1938: GRAY RACING TOPPER

after the Boer War lost its appeal, the issue of Protection split his party, and the Conservatives began slipping down an inclined plane at the end of which was obvious disaster. In the middle of this process Mr. Churchill discovered that he was a Free Trader, a Liberal, indeed a Radical. He crossed the floor of the House and was soon firmly entrenched among the supporters of the new Liberal Government.

President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty—the rewards followed one another in upward sequence. The Cabinet of which he became a member included such brilliant figures as Asquith, Haldane, Grey, Lloyd George. Even in that luminous group Churchill's light shone, at fitful intervals, more brightly than any man's. "A genius without judgment" was what the indulgent Mr. Asquith called him. Yet it is safe to say that his reorganization of His Majesty's navy before the War was one of the most spectacular feats ever performed by a First Lord.

The War brought with it his first disaster. He was the originator of the Gallipoli campaign, a piece of profound strategical thinking, ruined by incompetent generals at the front and too much bickering at home. When Gallipoli ended in failure and recrimination, he was unjustly made the goat and forced to resign. His enemies cheerfully remarked that that was the end of "Winnie." Within two years he was back, as Minister of Munitions in the Coalition Government of David Lloyd George.

With the post-War collapse of the Coalition Government, Churchill was counted out again. He lost his seat at Dundee to an eccentric Prohibitionist called Scrymgeour. What future was there for a Lloyd George Liberal, or indeed any sort of Liberal? About this time a series of cautious transformations, like a slow changing of color, began to take place in Churchill's political conscience. He stood for West Leicester in a by-election as a "Liberal Free Trader" and lost. He stood for the Abbey Division of Westminster as an "Anti-socialist," and lost again. It was as a "Constitutionalist" that he approached the electors of Epping, and the electors of Epping kindly sent him back to Parliament. At last he realized what had happened: he was a Tory and a Tory of the more extreme type. This discovery, oddly enough, followed hard upon the Conservative triumph of 1924, and the ex-Liberal Minister entered Mr. Baldwin's

administration as Chancellor of the Exchequer where for five years he produced a series of budgets in which only the most astute brains could distinguish the finance from the fireworks.

During ten years of exile, from 1929 until today, Churchill's appetite has been whetted by the sight of men in office who were far less able than he. For Ramsay MacDonald as Nationalist Prime Minister he had nothing but contempt. "He has," he said, "more than any other man the gift of compressing the largest amount of words into the smallest amount of thought." Towards Stanley Baldwin his attitude was polite but regretful. "He used to be wiser," he told the House in 1935. "He used frequently to take my advice." As for Mr. Chamberlain, Churchill has been known in private life to wring his hands in despair over the feeble policies of "that undertaker from Birmingham."

His latest gibe in the House cannot exactly have improved the situation. Malcolm MacDonald, the Colonial Secretary, had occasion to remark in the course of a speech, "I cannot remember the time when I was not told stories about Bethlehem, where the Prince of Peace was born." Churchill turned to his neighbor. "I thought," he said, "it was Birmingham."

Mr. Chamberlain's position is not what it once was. He has been obliged to stiffen his back, a painful and unconvincing performance. Earl Baldwin is growing uneasy. Earl Baldwin is in touch with Mr. Eden. Mr. Eden is a friend of Churchill's and needs his support. There are rumors of a General Election to be held in the spring of 1939.

In such a situation, so full of uncertainties, it would hardly be wise to count Churchill out. He has the ear of the House and he is beginning to command the ear of the country. Only another crisis, it is true, a major and extended foreign crisis, could restore him to Cabinet rank. But a major and extended foreign crisis is all too likely to arise. When it does arise, which side of Churchill will be uppermost—his maturity or his precocity? The statesman or the Peter Pan? Will he grasp the skirts of opportunity or will he entangle himself, as he did at the abdication, only in her apron strings? One thing is certain. In spite of his temperamental shortcomings, he is by all odds the most resolute and capable member of the Conservative Party. And nobody knows it better than Winston Churchill.



The famous siege of Sidney Street in London, which ended in a fiasco, was led by Mr. Churchill in 1911 while he was Home Secretary. Dressed in a fur-lined overcoat with astrakhan collar and silk hat, he led 750 policemen to a house

where "40 anarchists" were supposed to be hiding. The picture shows him peering around a wooden gate. He also ordered artillery drawn up. The house caught fire and afterwards the charred bodies of two jewel robbers were found

SPORTS



FRANKIE BRIMSEK GUARDS BRUINS' GOAL FOR 220 SCORELESS MINUTES

In the chilly, smoky Boston Garden on Christmas night the Boston Bruins, top team in the National Hockey League, were playing the New York Rangers. Most of the 10,000 fans were watching, not the furious action of the wings and defense, but the acrobatic stunts of Rookie Frank Brimsek, the Bruins' square-jawed goalie (left). Suddenly, from the jumble around the Boston cage, the Ranger center slammed a lightning shot past Brimsek, won the game for New York, 1-0.

Thus ended a great goal tending record. Through 220 minutes of rough hockey, during five games in two weeks, Brimsek had some 90 successful saves, not allowing a single score. Combined with an early season record of 231 scoreless minutes, this remarkable run had made him the most talked about hockey player in the U. S.

A 23-year-old Minnesota boy, Frankie Brimsek played last year with Providence in the International American League, was suddenly jacked up to the majors when Boston sold Tim Thompson to Detroit. Critical Bruin fans, who had long admired Thompson as the world's best goalie, were skeptical at first about this inexperienced, nervous kid, who spent all his spare time playing handball and going to the movies. Last week, however, as their team continued to lead the league, and Frankie Brimsek piled up more shutouts, the fans had been converted, were prouder of their new goalie than of their beans and sacred codfish.



Brimsek goes to his knees as Watson of the Rangers (dark shirt) receives pass in front of the Boston cage, gets set to shoot winning goal. Important reason for Brimsek's success is tight guarding of Bruin defense. Defenseman Sand is third man in above picture.

HOW BRIMSEK GUARDS THE CAGE



1 OFFENSE BRINGS PUCK (SEE ARROW) DOWN ICE



2 WING PASSES THROUGH LEGS OF GUARD SHORE (2)



3 CENTER PICKS UP PUCK, STARTS FAST FOR CAGE



4 BRIMSEK GETS SET AS CENTER PASSES TO WING

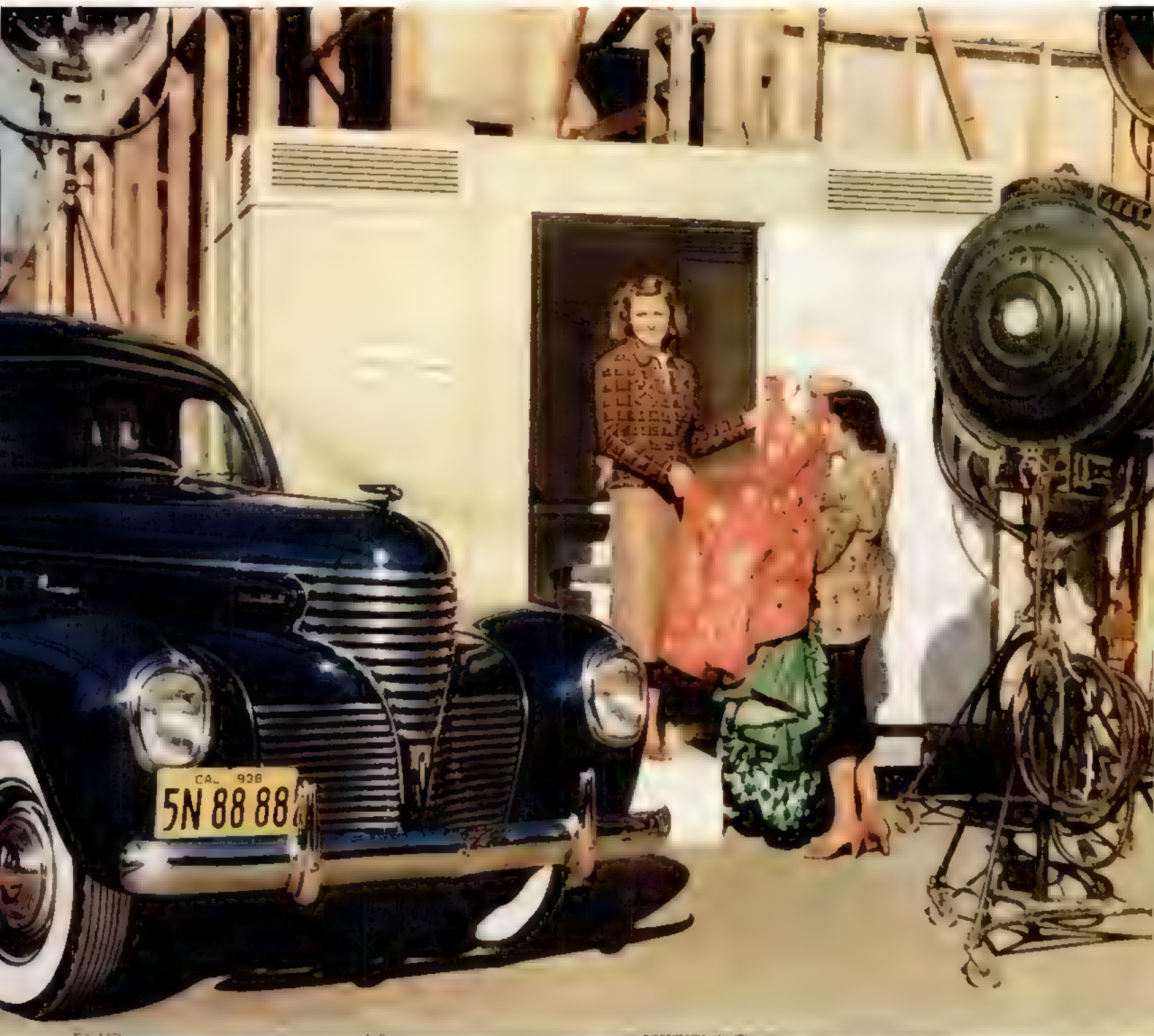


5 RIGHT WING SHOOTS HARD FOR CORNER OF THE CAGE



6 BRIMSEK DEFLECTS PUCK, KNOCKS IT OFF TO LEFT

Myrna Loy in a New Picture



Miss LOY's last picture was "Too Hot to Handle." Her De Soto, she says, is "Easy to Handle." It makes driving such relaxed fun, there's little chance of catching her home just as she's hoped.

No bustle mars the smooth, flowing curve of De Soto's sleek exterior. Yet, space-wise, it has the bulge on most cars that still bulge at the stern. 23 cubic feet of luggage storeroom, in case you're interested. Grandma, where are your handbags?

De Soto carries six life-size adults hospitably, on seats like sofas. "Squeeze the guest and spoil the ride?" argued the engineers. So they added 2½ extra inches up front.

De Soto's handy new gear shift sprouts conveniently from the steering post. Exit, old-fashioned floor lever.

Enter, comfortable, new leg room. It's simply swell!

And the headlights set like great, glittering crown jewels in the fender, declare their full width, and take the guesswork out of night driving. Then there's the automatic green light on the speedometer—it turns to amber at 30, and becomes a stern, red eye of warning at 50 and up. State troopers will be picking daisies for want of reckless drivers.

Miss Loy, like other De Soto owners, says this glamorous aristocrat is beautiful any way you look at it—inside, outside, or straight at the price tag. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

MYRNA LOY, M-G-M STAR, NOW APPEARING
IN ANOTHER "THIN MAN" PRODUCTION

DE SOTO

America's Smartest
Low-Priced Car

What's the best  clue
to a good  whiskey?

To  connoisseurs of wine, the first clue to greatness in  champagnes and  sherries is  DRYNESS. It is this same quality...this lack of  sweetness...that more and more  men are looking for today in whiskey... and finding in  Paul Jones, a truly  DRY whiskey. And  DRYNESS is only one of many charming qualities  you'll discover in this superb whiskey ...qualities that have made Paul Jones famous as  "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865." So if you're  wise, you'll be sure to  remember to try DRY Paul Jones Whiskey right  away....at your favorite  bar, or at  home.

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY*

and every drop is STRAIGHT WHISKEY!

A blend of straight whiskeys 90 proof Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

*DRY means not sweet



MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Zaza

**Paramount films an 1899 shocker
about wicked French music halls**

In the winter of 1899 a young redheaded woman from Kentucky, named Mrs. Leslie Carter, was the rage of New York. The reason was a play about the love sorrows of a tumultuous French music-hall siren named Zaza. Produced with minute realistic detail by the late great director David Belasco, it sold to standing room only, formed controversial table talk for the year, was condemned as immoral by the clergy and earned for its star the title of "the American Bernhardt."

Zaza was the world's earliest popular play about backstage life. The great French actress Réjane starred in it in Paris (1898) and Geraldine Farrar was later to sing the opera role at the Metropolitan (1920). But to the redheaded girl from Kentucky, bent on becoming a great actress, it seemed at first "Gallie to the ears and very nasty." It told of a vulgar little singer of the French music halls who becomes acquainted with a fine gentleman, falls head over heels in love with him, has an illicit idyll with him, and discovers that he has a wife. Bursting with rage, she goes to his home to expose him, but is so touched by his child that, in a rush of self-abnegation, she walks out of his life forever.

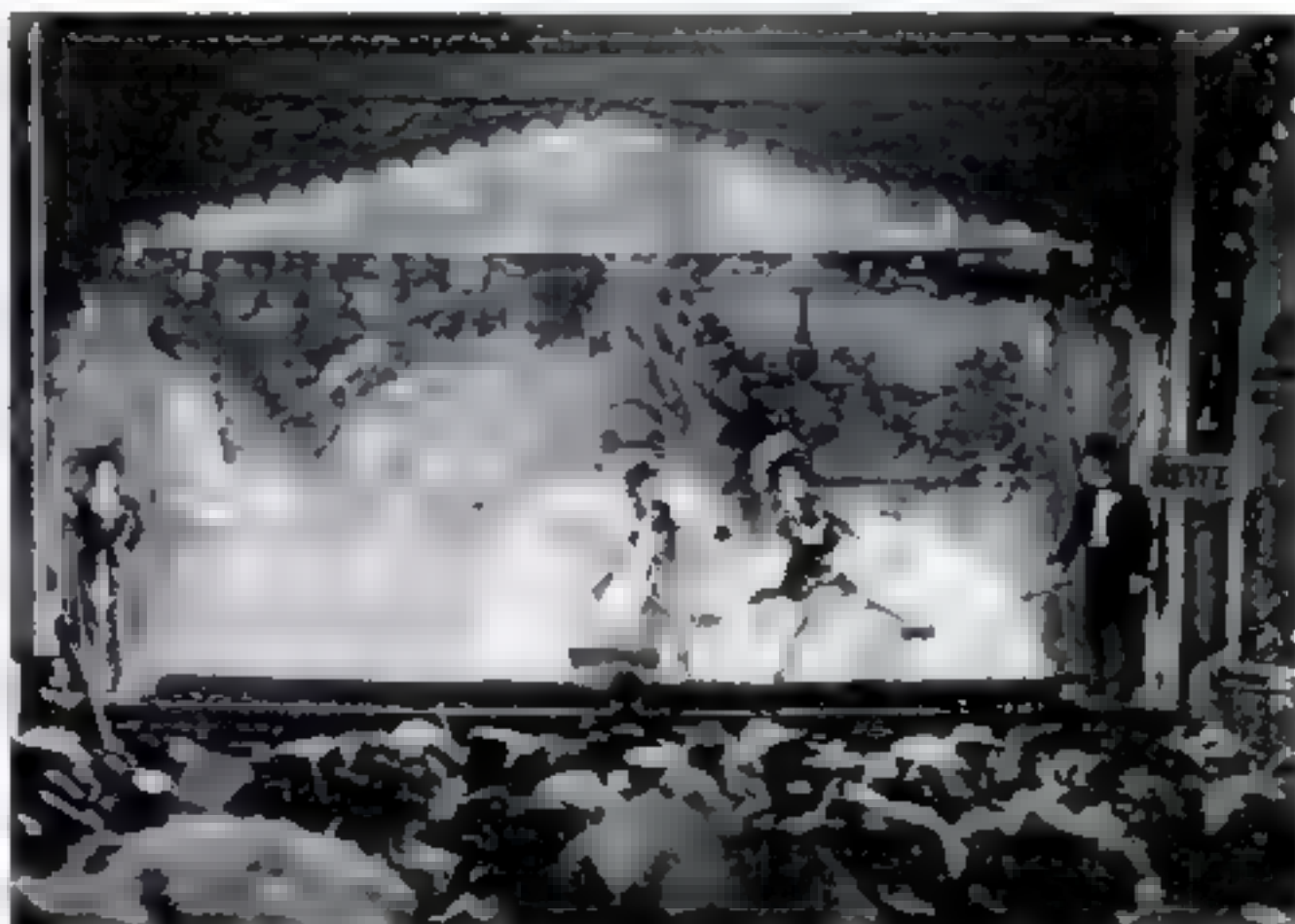
Now revived as a Paramount film, *Zaza*, in an age of more flexible manners and morals, has lost most of its pristine shock. What little remained was expunged by the Hays Office. The residue is a moderately interesting film, with fair acting by Claudette Colbert as the music-hall hoyden, Herbert Marshall as the Parisian elegant and Bert Lahr as Zaza's faithful booing partner. Of primary photographic excitement are the bustling backstage shots, the quaint costumes, the ruffled petticoats and the feathered hats of an era when domestic lives of stage folks were scarcely fit talk for respectable people.



ZAZA (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) IS THE NAUGHTY DARLING OF FRENCH PROVINCIAL MUSIC HALLS



Zaza's daring costumes for dances with partner (Bert Lahr) shocked theatergoers 40 years ago.



At the Alcazar, a rowdy music hall in a provincial town, Zaza nightly does her song and dance before wine-drinking Frenchmen. She becomes the hit of the show.



From the stage, temperamental Zaza keeps a sharp eye peeled for handsome gentlemen in the audience.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Movie of the Week (continued)



The chorus of the 1890's goes trotting in and out of the crowded wings of the Alcazar amid the tumult

of backstage quarrels, snarling stage managers, vulgar comedians and slick stage-door Johnnies.



The chorus routine of the 1890's winds up with a high kick. The girls wear tights. Even at the Alcazar of the 1890's, bare legs would have been shocking.



To the gaudy vaudeville house, where Zaza is now playing her third triumphant week, comes Bernard Dufresne, an elegant Parisian gentleman



Night after night he watches Zaza with bated breath from a table out front. But he refuses to go backstage to meet her.



A fight between Zaza and Floramm's results in Zaza's boast that she will dupe with Dufresne.



In her dressing room, to which she entices him, Zaza flirts with Dufresne, keeps him from taking his train to Paris.



Months of idyllic happiness are spent together by the little music-hall girl and the fine gentleman.



Work forgotten, Zaza revels in love, acquires manners, even travels part way to Paris with Dufresne on one of his mysterious trips.



In Paris, where Zaza hurries on hearing that he was seen with another woman, she discovers that he is married, lives in a fine house, has a lovely daughter. The child melts her fury.



On Dufresne's next visit to the provinces, Zaza confronts him with her knowledge of his double life. He admits his guilt, tells her he is sorry and leaves her sobbing with grief.



Too crushed for anything but tears, Zaza spends her days weeping for her love. But her old partner Cuscart returns, arouses her ambition, starts her singing in music halls again.



Three years later, when Zaza is a great star and the toast of Paris, she meets Dufresne again. He still loves her but she tells him she must think before renewing their love.



Zaza sings farewell to her sweetheart in the audience. Under her white nigrette hat (right), the tears stream as she sees him walk silently from the theater.







ITS PEOPLE AWAIT HITLER'S DRIVE

The fat, easy-going man on the opposite page is something called a Ruman. The Rumans rule one of the fattest pieces of property in Europe—Rumania. They first got a country of their own at the time of the American Civil War and won complete sovereignty in 1881 under King Carol I. Their armies were destroyed by the Germans in the World War but at the end they were on the winning side. Always good bargainers, they nearly doubled the size of their country by the peace treaties. Today, under the first Carol's grandnephew, King Carol II, they find themselves directly in the path of Nazi Germany's "Drive to the East."

A hopeful wall against the Nazi advance are the mountains shown above—the curving line of the Carpathians and Transylvanian Alps. From north to south they cut Rumania in half and everything west of them belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire before 1918. Now the Hungarians want it all back. And the mountain wall is not so good a shield as it seems, for the passes are hard to defend from the Rumanian side, easy to defend from the side the Germans and Hungarians may come from.

For these reasons the character and possessions of these little-known Rumans are important to the future of Europe. They claim to be descended from the ancient Romans and in fact talk a Latinate language in some ways closer than modern Italian to classical Latin. But they have been so trampled and redden and exploited by nearly every other people

that ever passed across southeastern Europe that today they are a hopeless mixture of Scythians, Dacians, Thracians, Greeks, Romans, Goths, Huns, Bulgars, Slavs, Tatars, Petchenegs, Cumans, Hungarians, Poles, Turks, Armenians, Saxons, Alsations, Jews, Gypsies, Ukrainians. All these strains are in the people who now talk the Rumanian language. They finally emerged, however, into a people called the Vlachs in 1290 behind Rudolf the Black Prince who was a chieftain in the mountains of Făgăraș (*above*). Rudolf won a moment of freedom for them from the Hungarians and Turks, but the darkness soon settled back over them. Briefly again, in 1600, Michael the Brave united the Rumans on both sides of the mountains. After that, as the Turkish Empire swept up the Balkans toward Vienna, the Ruman nation disappeared under the Sultan's governors. Rumania was reinvented in 1861 by the European powers, to set back Turkey.

It is impossible to understand the Balkans without remembering that Turkey ruled them up to a century ago. The bad habits hung on. Until after the War, vermin filled even the big hotels. Tips (*baksheesh*) were compulsory to get a locomotive engineer to drive his train, a station master to pass a train through. Statesmen were pickpockets. A fairly respectable profession was that of the assassin. But in the 20 years since the War, Rumania has considerably cleaned itself up.

Its most important move was to hand out land to

the people, so that nearly 90% of Rumania's farm land is now owned by peasants, who are 80% of the population. Much of this was taken from the Hungarian and Czarist aristocrats and from the Catholic Church whose properties Rumania had got in the peace treaties. Furthermore the superior civilization of the Hungarian peoples west of the mountains was a de-Balkanizing influence for Rumania. Finally Rumanian oil attracted capital from Britain, France and Italy. And Rumanian oil and wheat have bought from Germany great quantities of machinery. Rumania now can properly be called a civilized nation.

All this civilizing took one bad turn. After the War the Government filled the higher schools with peasant boys on free scholarships. The great majority of these grew up to be violent reactionaries and joined a Fascist, anti-Semitic organization called the Iron Guard. Last month King Carol II, home from a tour of European capitals, grew tired of the Iron Guard. On charges that 14 of them, including their beloved leader Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, had tried to escape from police guards, all 14 were shot dead. A few days later three more were shot dead on the same story.

This meant only that King Carol is opposed to any other prophets than himself in his own country. Since Hitler has advertised the Danube as a German river and the Danube runs through Rumania for 250 miles, King Carol must get along with the German businessmen now pouring into his country or else—

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Old Rumania (before 1918) was Wallachia and Moldavia. After the War it got Transylvania from Hungary, Dobruja from Bulgaria, Bessarabia from the U.S.S.R. Only indus-

trial cities are Bucharest (population 640,000), Ploesti, Cluj and Brasov. Oil wells below are north of Ploesti. Favorite beach, where Dyl was executed, is S.A.P. at Constanta.

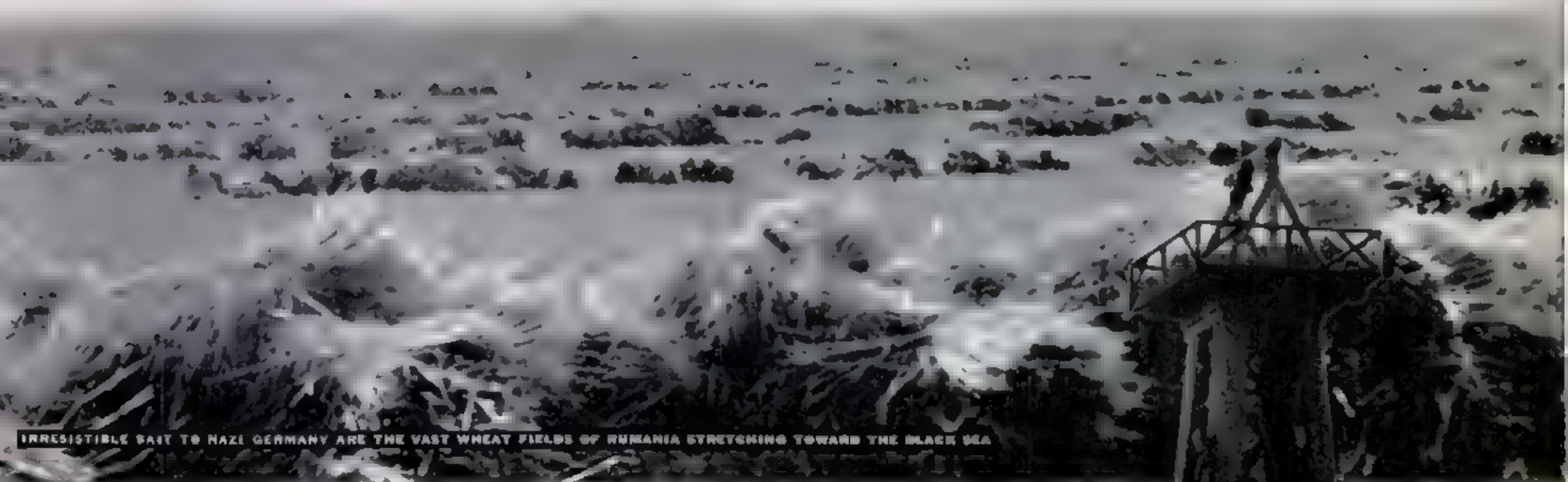
WHEAT & OIL ARE ITS GOLD

Rumania could satisfy the two most pressing hungers of Nazi Germany—wheat for the stomachs of its people and oil to run its machines. Rumania, with one-sixth the population of Germany, produces almost as much wheat, both on the fertile plains of Transylvania and on the black soil of Old Rumania.

It produces far more oil and natural gas than all the rest of non-Soviet Europe combined, though three-quarters of it is wasted by poor management. The oil bubbles out of the ground east and west of Ploesti (see map) on the southern side of the Transylvanian Alps, right in front of the Predeal Pass. And Rumania also has coal, iron, lead, zinc, copper, mercury, bauxite, aluminum, asbestos, gold, silver, salt and graphite. It has only lately begun the long process of learning how to exploit and use these assets.

Rumania is still overwhelmingly a backward agricultural country trying hard to learn about machinery. Whether it can do so in time to avoid being consumed by industrial Germany is Rumania's problem. Rumania is afraid, however, of nearly all its neighbors. There is not a single bridge across the Danube on the Rumanian border, only one across the Dniester on the Soviet-Rumanian border.



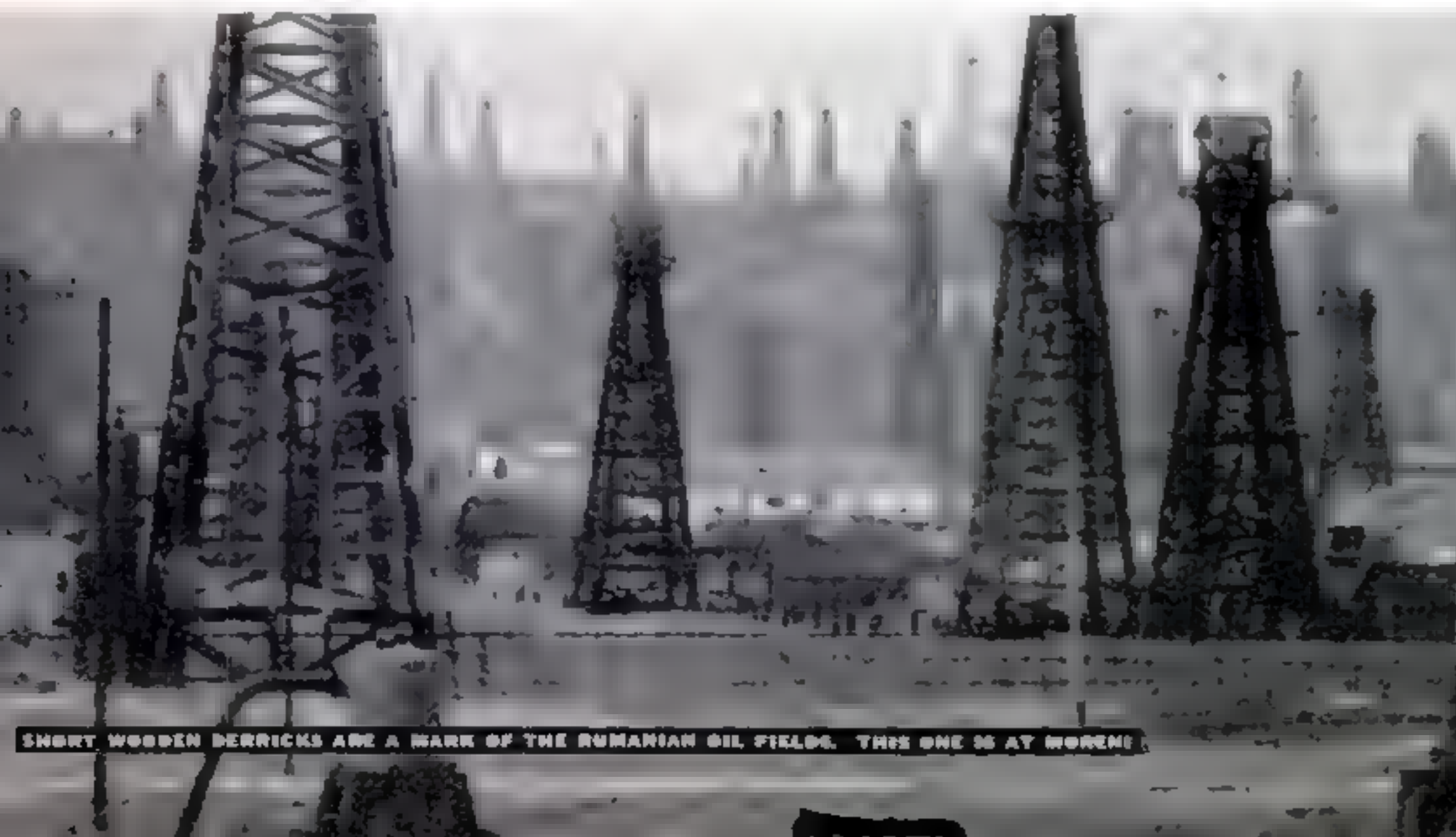


IRRESISTIBLE BAIT TO NAZI GERMANY ARE THE VAST WHEAT FIELDS OF RUMANIA STRETCHING TOWARD THE BLACK SEA



On the Danube ferry at Oltenița, south of Bucharest, a peasant drives his oxen, while an oil tank car stands in the background and a soldier tries to keep warm. Soldiers always guard all bridges and

ferries in Rumania against bombings. The peasant is a Bulgar, one of the most troublesome minority groups in Rumania. Rumania is busy building new railways but no railway bridges into Bulgaria.



SHORT WOODEN DERRICKS ARE A MARK OF THE RUMANIAN OIL FIELDS. THIS ONE IS AT MORENI



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

RUMANIA (continued)



In Rumania's Transylvania and Banat live 2,000,000 Hungarians. Village Butcher Vasile Zofen, Wife Lela and Mother-in-law Maria Budoh (center) call Ozan Lutag. Typically

prosperous, they have an iron Hungarian stove, prefer the company of neighbor Saxons to that of Rumanians. Conquering Hungarians ruled Transylvania off and on for 1,000 years.



800,000 Germans live in Rumania's mountain areas. The Hungarians imported them at intervals for 700 years from the Rhineland and Saxony to do skilled manual work and

fight off the barbarians. They still speak old German, are Lutherans. These are giving not the Nazi salute but the Ruman salute of a new Government co-operative in Mercurea Sibiu.

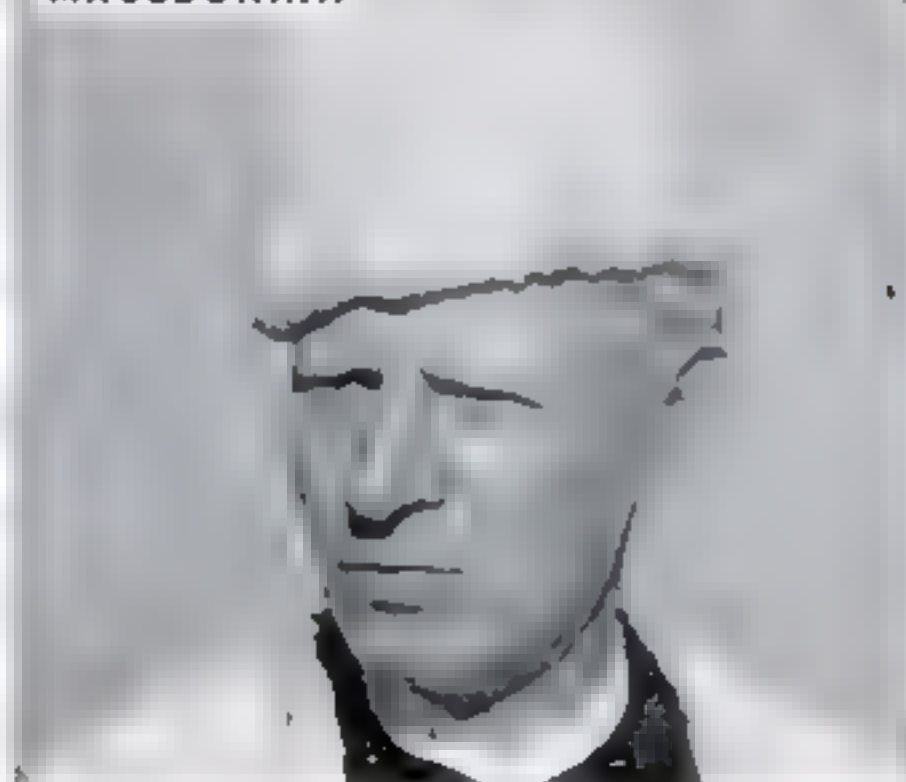
IT HAS MANY MINORITIES

Strange to Americans outside New York City is the discovery that scattered among Rumania's 18,000,000 people are more than 5,000,000 who by ancestral habit speak eight other languages. In Rumania, as everywhere in eastern Europe, groups of people live side by side for hundreds of years without agreeing on a common language. Villagers may never in a lifetime leave their native village. The language of the diplomats and the cabaret girls—French in Rumania—means nothing to these peasants. Though Poland has a bigger total of minorities, no nation has a wider or more dangerous variety of minorities than Rumania.

There are 2,000,000 Hungarians (who once ruled Transylvania), 250,000 Turks (who once ruled all Rumania), 1,000,000 Ukrainians (who once ruled Bessarabia), 800,000 Bulgars (who once ruled Dobruja), 800,000 Germans who read Nazi newspapers, 900,000 Jews and some 30,000 Tatars and Gypsies. In addition there are the toughest of them all—the mountain Macedonians, the born killers. After the War the Rumanian Government invited back to Rumania groups of Macedonians who had emigrated to the U. S. These the Government settled on Rumania's most troublesome border, facing Bulgaria. There they build neat villages on the American plan and outshoot the Bulgars across the line.

Rumania's minorities are not citizens in quite the same sense that Rumanians are. They have not had equal opportunity or equal representation. (Though last February King Carol abolished representative government for all Rumanians.) However, Carol, alarmed by the Nazi appeals to minorities, last August promised his minorities more freedom to teach their children their native languages in native schools, to worship in their own way and to engage in business on more equal terms. This was no Bill of Rights but just a temporary list of concessions. It was soon qualified by a list of restrictions on Jews and on all religions except the Greek Orthodox. These forced the opening of all Jewish merchants in Bucovina on their Sabbath (Saturday) and the closing of 1,500 Baptist churches. It is a waste of time to look for the basic principle behind any action in Rumania. These maneuvers were just maneuvers.

MACEDONIAN



BESSARABIAN



TURK



GYPSY



BULGAR



TATAR



THIS CAMP IS HOME TO GYPSIES IN BUCOVINA



TURKISH MINARET IN SILISTRA



SAXON VILLAGE OF TURNISOR AFTER SUNDAY LUTHERAN SERVICE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Real Rumanians are found dancing in the Transylvanian hills at Olpret near Cluj. These cheerful peasants speak a Latin language, are Greek Orthodox Catholics, have second high-

est birth rate in Europe. Though they were given their landlords' land by the Government in 1917-21, most are now bankrupt from bad management and interest rates high as 50%.



High life in Rumania centers in lovely Sinan in the mountains where the King has a palace and an interest in the gambling casino (above). Play runs from 4 p.m. until midnight.



DOWN BUCHAREST STREET GO RUMANIAN ARMY OXEN IN NO GREAT HURRY



IN SCORCHING SUMMER (110°) RICH GO TO CONSTANTA ON BLACK SEA



Rumanian Army Council (just before Oct. 14 shake-up) includes seated, from left: Generals Glatz, Florescu (Inspector General), Argescu (now out as War Minister), Il-

siericiu, Aldes Aurel. Standing are aides, from left: Cristea, Husari, Preterean, Aloru, Tomaziu. Rumania's army is ranked well below those of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland.



IN CURTEA-DE-ARGES MONASTERY LATE QUEEN MARIE'S BODY RESTS



BUCHAREST HAS THIS LITTLE COPY OF PARIS' ARC DE TRIOMPHE



The Paris of the Balkans, Bucharest has developed a bright night life but widespread vice takes such forms as this. Minister of the Interior Calmescu is trying to clean it up.

RUMANIA (continued)



BRITAIN'S QUEEN VICTORIA MOTHERED BOTH SIDES OF THE RUMANIAN HOUSE



ITS ROYAL FAMILY

The family chart of the Royal House of Rumania above shows the amazing influence Britain's Queen Victoria has had on the royalty of Europe. It is far from showing the interrelationships of this ramified group of royalty. In 1881 the European Powers picked a Hohenzollern to become King Carol I of Rumania. Carol II is his grandnephew, a Hohenzollern with a half-English, half-Russian mother, the late beautiful Queen Marie.

When Marie became Crown Princess of the new and backward little kingdom of Rumania in 1893, she felt that her enormous talents were wasted. It turned out otherwise, for Marie was most effective behind the scenes at Versailles in 1919 in making little Old Rumania the Greater Rumania of today. Her talents, however, did not include that of being a good mother and a worse-behaved batch than her royal children would be hard to find.



The King's ornate throne stands in the old Royal or Town Palace in Bucharest.



The King's play palace of Peleş stands in the mountain resort of Sinaia, near Casino.



The King's yacht is the same that sailed King Edward VIII of Britain and Mrs. Wallis Simpson down the Adriatic in 1936. Here the *Luceafarul* is docked on the Danube River.



The King's Pekingese show his French taste. His son Michael favors Great Danes.



The King's Magda Lupescu, now aging fast, is his indispensable friend and adviser.



Now almost forgotten are the days when Crown Prince Carol of Rumania was the prize clown of the world's royalty. In 1916 his Hohenzollern father declared war on the Hohenzollerns of Germany and was disowned by the Kaiser. Carol had faked pictures issued of himself fighting with the badly-beaten Rumanian troops. In post-War Greater Rumania the politicians did not have much use for Carol and he found redhaired Magda Lupescu, a Roman Catholic girl of half Jewish descent. While in Venice with her in 1925, he sent home a hot-tempered telegram

which the Government accepted as his renunciation of all rights to the throne. His wife divorced him. Thus when his father Ferdinand died in 1927, Carol's son Michael became king at the age of 6. In 1930 Carol flew home and took back the throne. In the last two years he has suddenly and amazingly matured. He has subtly compromised or superseded all the leading politicians and concentrated power in himself. He has shown himself shrewd, farseeing and practical in diplomacy. Already rich, he has demanded honest government. He is genuinely fond of his son.

**KING CAROL II
IS HEAD MAN
OF RUMANIA**

MODERN LIVING

ELECTRIC AMPLIFICATION NOW COMES TO THE PIANO

Without a soundboard, the DynaTone works like a radio



ARTHUR C. ANSLEY

At the opening of a new music shop in Washington, D. C., three weeks ago, Reino Luoma, a young Finnish virtuoso, amazed an invited group of musicians by reproducing from the keyboard of a small piano-like instrument Bach fugues as if played on a harpsichord, Chopin études as if played on a piano, and brilliant Liszt extravaganzas as they might be rendered on a full-size concert grand piano. The following morning, Dr. Glenn Dillard Gunn, newspaper critic, conductor, piano soloist, in his review of the performance wrote that this new instrument, called a DynaTone, is "the most interesting and practical development in the piano since Jonas Chickering produced the all-metal frame and the sostenuto pedal in the first half of the last century."

The DynaTone is the invention of Arthur C. Ansley, president of the Ansley Radio Corp., who has been tinkering with radios and amplifiers ever since he was a boy on a Michigan farm. Radio technicians know Mr. Ansley as the manufacturer of high-quality radio-phonograph combinations. His new invention uses radio technique.

Although the DynaTone is played exactly like a piano, its basic principle is radically different. The piano as we know it today and all its antecedents, four of which are shown at left, have soundboards which mechanically magnify the tones of the vibrating strings. In the DynaTone, the tones are picked up and amplified electrically and reproduced through a loud-speaker. When the electric current is off, the instrument sounds like a harpsichord. With volume on full, it sounds like a concert grand. In addition, the DynaTone also has a built-in radio and phonograph. One loud-speaker and amplifier functions for all three.

CLAVICHORD. STRINGS ARE STRUCK BY METAL TANGENTS

IN THE SPINET, QUILLS PLUCK THE STRINGS

LOTTA VAN BUREN, LECTURER, PLAYS HARPSICHORD



The use of hammers to strike strings is a characteristic of all pianos. Square pianos, like one at left from Morris Curtis' collection, were the most popular home type al-

most a century ago. Small upright pianos like one above, introduced about three years ago, put new life in a dying piano market, now account for 60% of all piano sales.



The DynaTone combines a piano, radio and phonograph in one instrument. Piano has a standard 88-note keyboard. Switch at left end of keyboard turns on current. Round

metal discs under strings (center) pick up sound which is conveyed to tubes (left) and amplified through loudspeaker (right). In open drawer (left) is phonograph attachment.

Since piano and phonograph can be played simultaneously, students can play with recordings by famous pianists. At right are radio controls. Cost of instrument; \$595.



Modern concert grand pianos have strings 7½ ft. long, the greatest length of string in any modern instrument. Since the tone and volume of a piano depend largely on the

mechanical energy produced by the vibrating strings to the soundboard, technicians have increased the length and diameter of the strings, tightened the tension and used

larger soundboards to overcome sound limitations. This made for large, expensive pianos. The Baldwin concert grand piano above, played by Daniel Ericourt, costs \$3,000.

COUGHS, TICKLE

Huskiess Due to Colds



Tormented with throat huskiness, dryness, coughs due to colds? Let a Vicks Cough Drop dissolve naturally in your mouth. It bathes tender throat tissues with medication for 12 to 15 minutes, and comforting relief comes fast. Vicks are really medicated... medicated with the throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub... famous for relieving discomforts due to colds.

MEDICATED

VICKS COUGH DROPS

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE...**

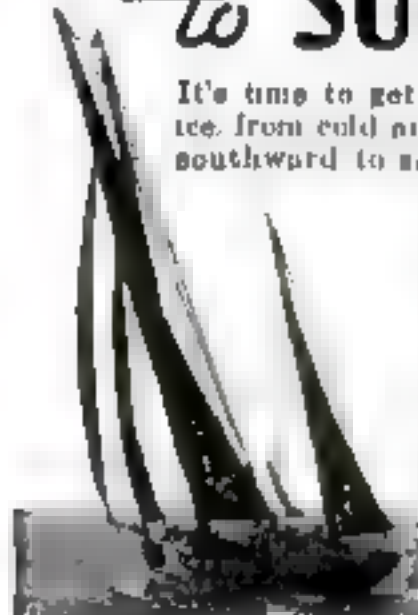
Without Calomel
— And You'll
Jump Out of Bed
in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores.

Southward to SUNSHINE



It's time to get away from snow and ice, from cold and care—time to come southward to sunny shores and outdoor life where life is as you like it. The Sunshine City invites you for a pleasant vacation. It offers an amazing variety of sport, recreation and entertainment. Splendid accommodations, real hospitality. For booklet write H. K. Neal, Chamber of Commerce—

St. Petersburg
FLORIDA—The Sunshine City

**HEADACHE
Relief!**

**Snap Back With
STANBACK!**

When a simple headache strikes, DON'T CRY! SNAP BACK WITH STANBACK! Millions used yearly! Also speedy relief from neuralgia, tension aches and other simple inorganic pains. A trial should win you for LIFE! 10¢ & 25¢ at your drug store.

STANBACK

TRIAL OFFER: 25¢ package? Mail this ad and 10¢ to cover packing and postage! Stanback Company, Salisbury, North Carolina.

ECZEMA ITCHING

Fiery itching relieved and
skin quickly soothed with
bland active

RESINOL

MODERN LIVING

HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN MAKE HER OWN PERFECT STAND-I

Dress form is built of gummed paper tape, wrapped around body



Gauze shirt worn over lingerie forms basis for body model. Top is cut to fit neck and shoulders. Taping starts at bottom of shirt.



Gummed tape is moistened, then wound tightly round and round upwards from the hips to waistline. Several layers of tape are used.



Using a plumb line and ruler, Mrs. Saltzman accurately measures how the form should stand so it will approximate model's posture.



With blunt surgical scissors, the form is slit down the center back. The process up to this point can be completed in 35 minutes.

Affluent ladies who have their clothes made-to-order and the little women in the home who like to make their own clothes have long wished they might have a double. Standing for fittings is dull and tiresome. Fitting one-self is impractical. Solution to both predicaments may be the molded-to-the-body dress form presented on these pages.

Dorette Saltzman, a sprightly, shapely little woman of Los Angeles, fretted for years over her inability to get a dress form with curves and angles similar to her own. A determined soul, she decided to make her own. First she

induced her friends to let her experiment on them. With strips of gummed paper tape, some cheesecloth and scissors she soon was turning out forms that were exact replicas of her friends' torsos. When friends of friends, both male and female, began clamoring for them she went into the business, charged \$17.50 for each molded-to-the-body form.

Now Mrs. Saltzman has devised a neat little \$1.95 package with detailed instructions and all the materials necessary for making one's own stand-in. The photographs on these pages show Mrs. Saltzman making a form.



Short strips of tape are used to mold the bust form. Here Mrs. Saltzman shows how tape should follow the contour of the bust.



Completely encased in several layers of tape which bind the legs and thighs tightly, model looks like a plastered mummy, can't walk.



Slit form is carefully pulled off model from the front. The slit back is then pasted together with small horizontal bits of tape.



On a wooden base cut exactly like bottom of molded form, the paper model is mounted. Now the buxom blonde has a perfect stand-in.

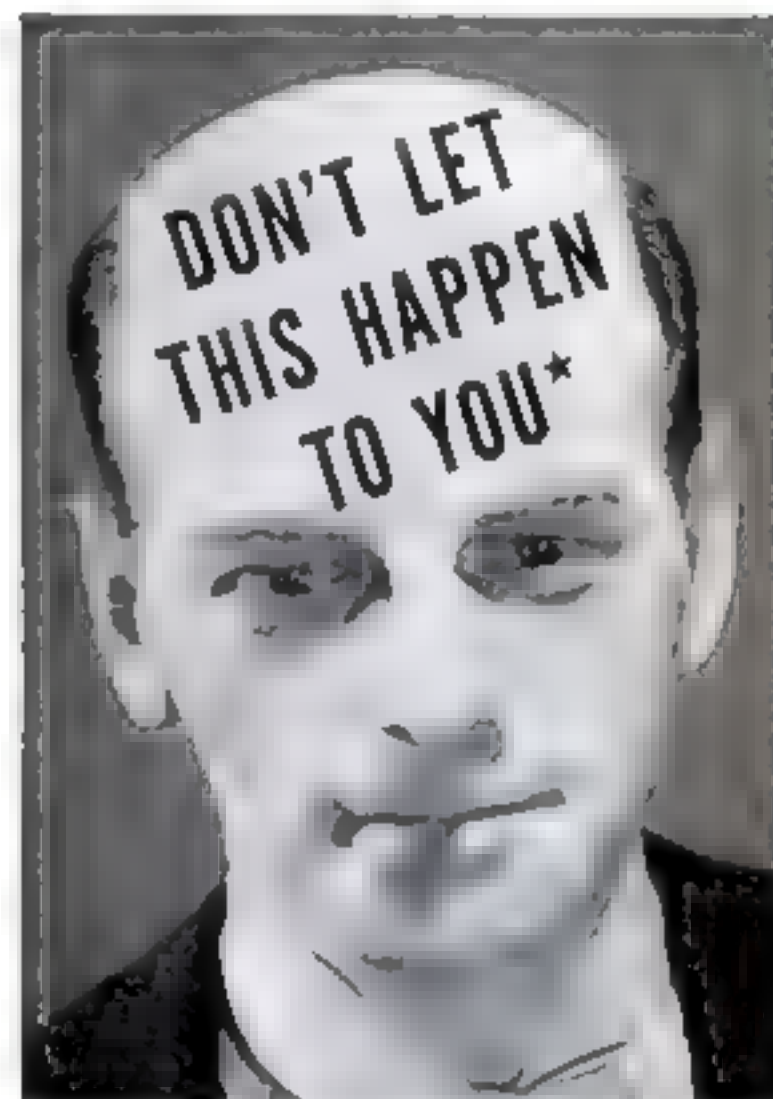
A Wife Resents

"My husband is bald (her letter reads). Yet he is a successful man in business, very popular with our friends, and I love him deeply. I therefore resent very much the use you make of bald heads in your advertising."

Since thousands of other women may feel kindred resentment, because their husbands are bald, we hasten to apologize and to explain that baldness does not brand a man a social or business failure.

A bald head is, however, conspicuous, and the younger the man, the more he is marked—the more handicap he feels within himself through his own sensitivity. We are awfully sorry, but Kreml won't grow hair.

But since proper care may help prevent excessive loss of hair, we sincerely believe the spirit of Kreml advertising is fair to the great masses of men who still have their hair. That is why we sum it up with the slogan . . .



Kreml removes dandruff, every speck of it. Kreml checks falling hair. It is also a wonderful dressing, not greasy or sticky, yet keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the hair, especially after a permanent. Ask for Kreml at drug stores, barber and beauty shops.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair easy to manage.

*Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the comparatively rare disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF
CHECKS FALLING HAIR
MAY BE EASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

PEOPLE

The Cameras of the World Press
now put these People in the News



Oglethorpe Read, doyen of Chicago writers, friend of Mark Twain, author of over half a hundred best-sellers, celebrated his 80th birthday, Dec. 22. Philosophized he: "Life is good."



Boris Karloff (born Charles Edward Pratt) gave fellow workers the jitters when, grimly costumed as the monster in *Son of Frankenstein*, he lunched in a studio cafeteria. He

was asked henceforth to eat masked or in private. Among those not terrified was Bela Lugosi Jr. (*above*), whose father (*Dracula*) is Hollywood's other ace shudder-man.



Martha Stephenson, New York glamor girl, will wed Bandmaster Hal Kemp, Jan. 21. Said she: "We had the nicest romance. It began four years ago... Hal kept staring at me."



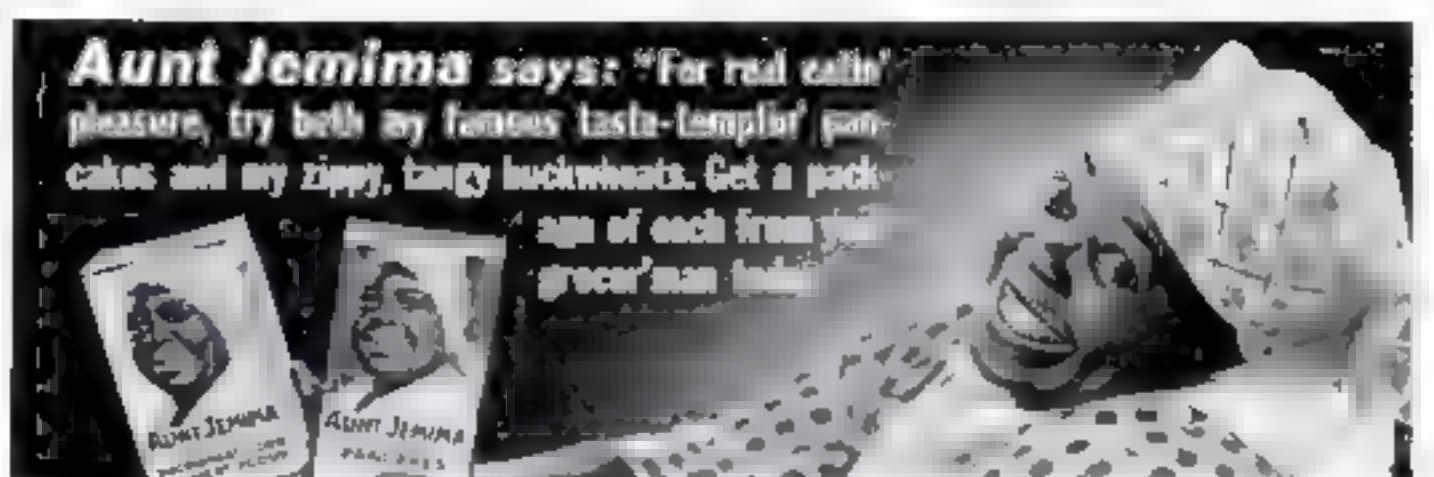
Ellen Woodward was appointed to the Social Security Board by President Roosevelt, Dec. 20. She was formerly WPA administrator in charge of women's and white-collar projects.



Mrs. Mary E. Frantz, 16, was divorced in St. Louis, Dec. 28, from her 22-year-old husband who, she said, nagged her. She wed at 14, bore a son at 15. The court gave her the child.



The Vice President and the Speaker of the House staged a little mugging act for photographers during the Christmas lull. United personally by many years of legislative association, John N. Garner and William B. Bankhead will likely be at political odds when Congress opens Jan. 8. For the Vice President is leader of a newly aggressive conservative Democratic opposition; the Speaker is a loyal Roosevelt lieutenant. Probable first fight on the docket: revision of the WPA.





Pago Pago's new chief, Maunga, with charcoal mustache and hair's tooth necklace, dances the ceremonial Siva. Below, Samoa's Governor Harrison and his wife congratulate the chief



Through lumbing surf, guests from other islands arrive at the party in native-built long-boats like these. In the distance is Ofu, one of the six Samoan islands owned by the U. S.



Food for the party, contributed mostly by the new chief, is carried in state procession. The huge coconuts and other delicacies are a great favorite in Samoa. United Airlines.



Gifts from Maunga are divided among the happy villagers who carry them home after the party and continue their feasting. On the ground are coconuts and a La-fa-rooked pig

Life goes to a Party

in Samoa to install a new chief of Pago Pago

If all the people who ever dreamed of a South Sea paradise could visit the islands of Samoa, they would find their dreams come true. Here are sparkling beaches, cool groves of breadfruit trees and an ocean full of fish for dinner. To Samoa in the Southern Pacific, LIFE goes with Photographer Truman Bailey to celebrate the election of a new chief for the village of Pago Pago (pronounced Pango Pango). Samoa is a U. S. possession and Pago Pago, the principal village and best harbor, serves as a station for the U. S. Navy.

In Pago Pago the chief's hereditary title is "Maunga." While the office is elective, the incumbent must be approved by the American Governor of the islands, and is usually, as in the case of the new Maunga, the head of one of the island clans. As Pago Pago had been without a Maunga for 20 years because of squabbles and general under-sun, this election last September was a gala event.

The party began at noon when 500 native guests assembled on a hillside by the sea and received gifts from Maunga. Feasting, dancing, singing and kava-drinking began at once and continued into the night until guests dropped asleep on the ground. At dawn they bathed in the sea, resumed feasting, and finally trekked home at sundown with whatever gifts they had not already devoured.

Most notable guest at the party was Governor Edward W. Hanson, a Commander in the U. S. Navy. Although he has occupied his post at Pago Pago for only seven months, Governor Hanson recognizes the peaceable, generous character of the natives, encourages them to retain their own happy way of living,



This young Polynesian beauty is a 12-year-old daughter of the native governor of Maunga, a group of outlying islands. Her ukulele is from Hawaii where her father was educated.

Under breadfruit trees this ceremonial dance lasted for two hours while food was being carried to the party. The new chief of Pago Pago, with lofty headdress, was star performer.

During the two-day celebration the guests drank kava, a mildly stimulating ceremonial drink made from roots. It produces a slight paralysis of the legs and jovial conversation.



TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY



Connoisseurs' choice of Teacher's is a cue to all discriminating men who like a Scotch rich in hearty body, in pleasure-giving mild smoothness. Teacher's delicate bouquet and balanced flavour never vary.

Say "TEACHER'S!"

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830

by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY - IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Life's Party (continued)



Maunga's smiling wife, seated at left and wearing a boar's tooth necklace, led the girls' Siva team of Pago Pago. They clapped hands to accompany their chants.



Far into the night champions from rival villages had singing and dancing contests. These two Siva dancers are adorned with flowers in traditional Polynesian style.



Dignitaries at the feast were, left to right: Chief Justice Morrow; wife of District Attorney Rowe; Mrs. Morrow, and the barefooted wife of a visiting chief.

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*



RAW THROAT? Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite.

Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact*; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing.

If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product!

So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

If you feel feverish or grippy, see your doctor at once.



DANDRUFF ITCH? Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Shampooing with plain soap is good. ...But many doctors say this: When you have dandruff caused by germs, the best way to combat it is to *kill the germs* when you cleanse your scalp and hair.

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary:

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet-smelling.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.*

Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction—or your money back in full!*



* Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery...

Use **ZONITE** for

FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



ALASKA FROM THE AIR

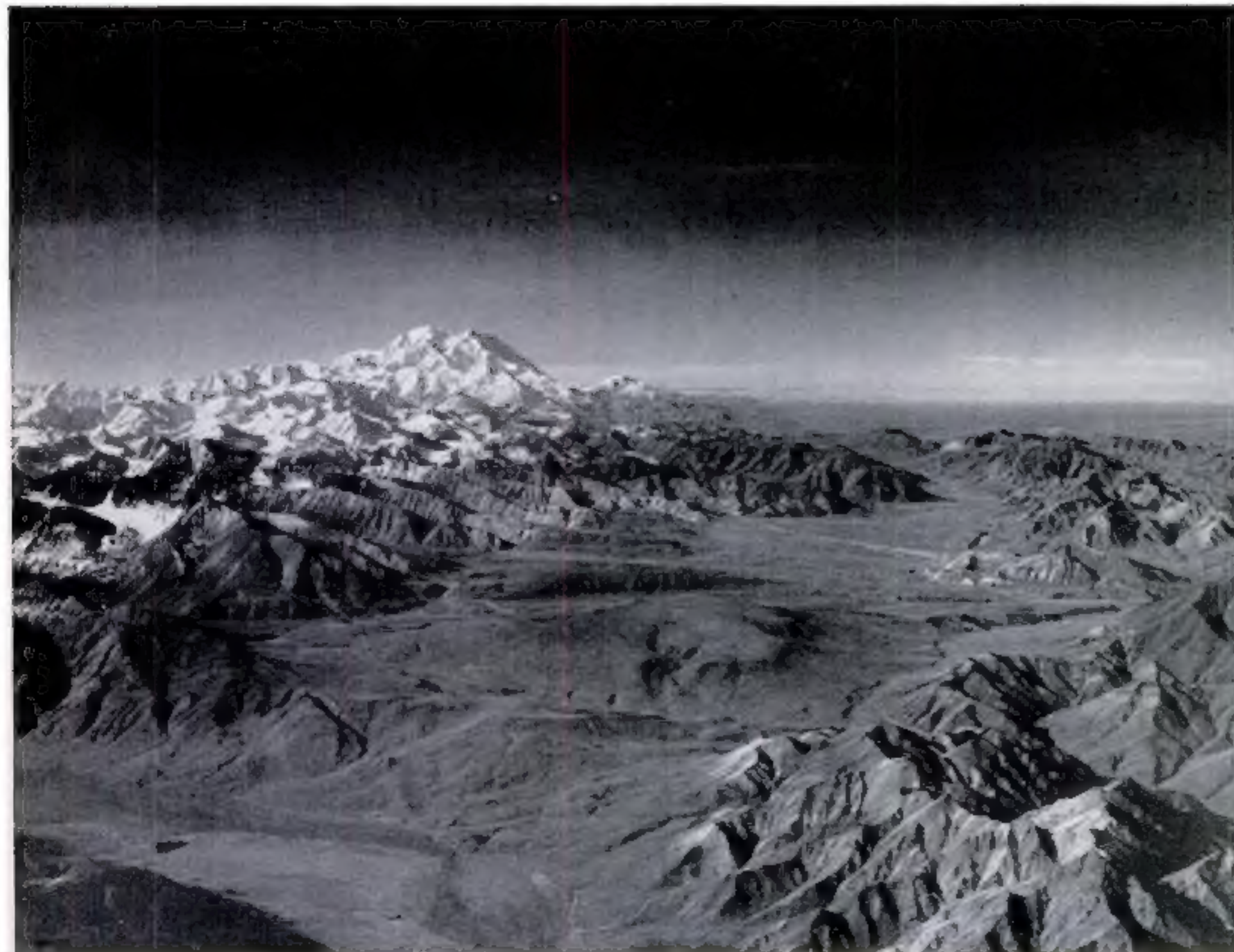
Sirs:

I am enclosing two pictures which were made on Triple S Aero panchromatic film in Alaska last summer, while I was on an expedition for the National Geographic Society. The first picture (above) shows Alaska College at Fairbanks. Flight altitude: 300 ft. Exposure: 1/225 sec. f:11 aero 2 filter. The second picture (below) shows Mt. McKinley from a distance of 70 miles. Flight elevation: 10,000 ft. Exposure: 1/225 sec. f:16 red filter.

The point which I thought might be of interest to you in these shots is the tremendous clarity of detail which I was able to obtain. This new film has been used for a year in miniature cameras, but these are some of the first pictures that have ever been taken with it in this large size.

BRADFORD WASHBURN

Institute of Geographical Exploration
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY with INDOOR "SNAPS"

(They're easy to take with G-E Photofloods)

"LOOK at my swell birthday pictures," says Molly. "And Daddy's so proud . . . says he's going to take lots of indoor snaps now that he's found how easy it is with G-E Photofloods."



1 "When Mummy brought in my cake I forgot all about Daddy's camera and how bright the room was. Maybe that's what makes these snapshots look so natural."



2 "I did hear several clicks as I began to blow. But after all, a cake is more serious business for a gal with a birthday."



3 "Daddy's tickled pink with this picture. And Mummy says she's so glad he thought to take indoor snapshots. I say, 'Happy Birthday'."

BIRTHDAY COMING? Take indoor "snaps" with your camera. Go to your film dealer for G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps and new "super" type film that makes it easy.



New Lower Prices
G-E MAZDA
Photoflood Lamps

No. 1 (was 25c) . . . 20c
No. 2 (was 50c) . . . 40c



Action? Pets?
G-E MAZDA
Photoflash Lamps

No. 10 . . . 15c
Brand New
No. 21 . . . 20c
(for synchronized flash)

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

"?"

WHAT EVERY YOUNG DOG SHOULD KNOW A-B-C

Said an uncultured bull-pup named Kate, "Them Red Heart 3 Flavors is great! Red Heart's clean 'n' nutritious, Delicious! *Splendid!* It's the wholesomest food what I've ate!"

BIG and little, young and old, dogs go for Red Heart's delicious 3 flavors! Red Heart is good for them, too! For this is *quality* food, clean and wholesome; it contains fresh meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meal, cereals, cod-liver oil, and Fleischmann's Irradiated Yeast. Prepared in a federally inspected plant. To this formula, 3 flavors—beef, fish, and cheese—have been added for appetite

appeal. Feed the three in rotation. And, remember, Red Heart's 3-Flavored Dog Biscuits are grand for dogs' teeth! Switch to Red Heart today—watch your dog improve!

FREE! Write for Dogs, Their Care and Feeding—authoritative, illustrated booklet. Address: John Morrell & Co., Dept. 41, Ottumwa, Iowa.



RED HEART DOG FOOD



QUICK REMEDY FOR HARD WINTER STARTING

When winter weather congeals the oil—engine won't turn over fast—battery runs down—blame *yourself* for your trouble.

Millions of motorists have laughed at zero weather during the last 10 years—because by simply adding Rislone to the regular oil right in the crankcase, they keep their oil *free-flowing*—motors *spin* and start easily without draining the battery.

Rislone improves the lubricating ability of the regular oil. Full lubrication is assured at once—no danger of driving a mile or two with little or no oil in the vital parts of your engine.

Ask your Service Station or Garage to add Rislone to your regular oil... Do this Now before you have winter starting trouble!

THE SHALER COMPANY
Waupun, Wis.



SHALER RISLONE
The Oil Alloy

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

HERE'S A SPECIAL SHAVE CREAM

It's Not a SOAP... Not Greasy
Needs No Brush... Leaves
Your Skin Soft and Smooth

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams has now developed a special cream for daily shavers. It's called Glider. Wash face thoroughly with soap and warm water to remove razor-dulling grit, then spread on Glider quickly, easily with your fingers. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A *superabundance of moisture* in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly and gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider actually relieves soreness and helps prevent chapping and roughness. Glider is the result of nearly 100 years' experience in making fine shaving preparations.

Try Glider at our Expense:

Send your name and address on a penny post card, for a generous **FREE** tube of Glider "No-Brush" Cream. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LG-17, Glastonbury, Conn.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



BRONX CHEER

Sirs:

In this somewhat unusual photograph, Wilhelmina Dommerich, niece of both Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dommerich, who were married in Greenwich, appears to be giving both bride and groom the well-known bird. Mr. Dommerich and wife, the former Miss Anne McCall, were

married at the Round Hill Community Church in a prominent social affair. I am not certain whether little Wilhelmina is just caught off guard, or whether she was genuinely registering what is called in some circles "The Bronx Cheer."

JACK MCGHIE

Greenwich Time
Greenwich, Conn.



MR. GREELEY GOES EAST

Sirs:

Picture shows the quandary of a young motorist on a Nebraska gravel highway, midway between Grand Island and North Loup, as he comes to a county highway

road. As the great Greeley bade him, the young man wants to go West.

But these signs point East!

E. K. LANGEVIN

Omaha World-Herald
Omaha, Neb.

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COTTAGE PUDDING GOES TO TOWN - GLORIFIED WITH BAKER'S CHOCOLATE!



**"HOW CAN ANYTHING
ECONOMICAL TASTE SO DIVINE?"**
marveled my ritzy Cousin Sophie.

EGGS BEING UP, and my budget down, I was making Cottage Pudding for dessert one day when Cousin Sophie called up and I invited her to dinner.

"GOSH, YOU'VE GOT COURAGE!" my husband said. "Won't your sophisticated Cousin Sophie turn up her nose at Cottage Pudding?"

"Not this one. It's special," I said. "Wait and see!"

HE SAW ALL RIGHT! Sophie positively went ga-ga over my pudding. "It's so chocolaty!" she babbled. "So rich and tender! Darling, it must take dozens of eggs!"

"ONE EGG, PET!" said I, with a proud wink at hubby. "That richness you taste is Baker's Chocolate. You see, Sophie, Baker's Chocolate itself is so gorgeously rich, it dresses up the simplest recipe."

"H-m-m, Baker's," mused Sophie, writing it down. "So thrifty—yet the best dessert I've had in ages!"



DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE COTTAGE PUDDING

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder*
3/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons softened butter or other shortening
1 egg, unbeaten 3/4 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
3 tablespoons boiling water
1/2 teaspoon soda 1 tablespoon butter

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift together three times. Add 4 tablespoons butter. Combine egg, milk, and vanilla and add to flour mixture, stirring until all flour is dampened. To melted chocolate, add boiling water, soda, and 1 tablespoon butter; cool slightly. Add to cake batter and beat vigorously 1 minute. Bake in greased tube pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes, or until done. Serve warm or cold with Chocolate Walnut Cream Filling.

*This recipe has been developed with Calumet Baking Powder. If another baking powder is used, adjust the proportions as recommended by the manufacturers.

Chocolate Walnut Cream Filling

Add 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate to 1/4 cup milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, heat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine 6 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons Swans Down Cake Flour, and a dash of salt; add gradually to chocolate mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Then continue cooking 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla; chill thoroughly. Fold in 1/2 cup cream, whipped, and 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats. Makes 2 cups filling. (All measurements are level)



IN ALL YOUR CHOCOLATE DISHES why not always have the appetizing color and exciting flavor which Baker's richness gives? Baker's has been tops in chocolate since 1780. Look for the famous "Baker Chocolate Girl" on the label. Baker's Chocolate is a product of General Foods.

IN A RECENT "BLIND BRAND" TASTE TEST, BAKER'S COCOA WON FIRST PLACE!



I'M ONE OF THE 50% MORE WOMEN WHO PREFERRED BAKER'S COCOA. BAKER'S TASTES EXTRA SMOOTH AND RICH!

IT'S DELICIOUS! SO PURE AND GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN, TOO! FOR ECONOMY'S SAKE I ALWAYS ORDER THE POUND-SIZE CAN FOR MY FAMILY!



NEW, DIFFERENT CHOCOLATE CAKE AND DESSERT RECIPES!



Free! Chocolate Peppermint Cake! Chocolate Cream Pie! A new kind of Devil's Food! These and eleven other gorgeous cake, pudding, candy and beverage recipes (illustrated in full color) yours free! Just mail this coupon—today!—to:

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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

"JIMMY" HICKS has auctioned tobacco for 21 years. "Luckies," he says, "have always bought fine tobacco of good color and texture. So I've smoked Luckies for 14 years." Most other independent tobacco experts also smoke Luckies!

Have you tried a Lucky lately?..

Tobacco crops in recent years have been outstanding. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer cigarette tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like "Jimmy" Hicks point out to you, Luckies have been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week. Then you'll know why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"